Beaver Gen'l James A Meh 1922

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1913. Vol. 44, No. 12

RANDOLPH DAGGETT KILLED FOUR COMPANIONS INJURED IN AUTO ACCIDENT NEAR ZION

Son of Proprietor of Bush House Meets Violent Death on Pleasure Trip--Charley Chandler, Driver of Ill-Fated Car, Joseph Knisely, Frank Thomas Badly Hurt--Robert Cole, Jr., only one to Escape.

In a terrible accident near Zion, about 11 o'clock Tuesday night, one young man was almost instantly killed and four other young men were more or less seriously injured, as follows:

Dead.

Randolph Daggett, 17 years old, son of W. L. Daggett, proprietor of the Bush House. Skull fractured and neck broken.

Injured.

Charles Chandler, driver of car, very bad fracture of left arm near elbow joint, also bruised and injured internally.

Frank Thomas, son of Mrs. George Thomas, of State College, left wrist and hand broken, fingers smashed, ribs broken, painfully bruised about head and body and injured internally.

Joseph Knisely, son of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Knisely, left knee badly injured, face cut and bruised about body.

Robert Cole, Jr., son of Robert Cole the architect, bruised.

The sad accident occurred on the home trip after a pleasure spin to Hecla. Daggett, Thomas and Knisely were in the rear seat of a new Ford machine from the Keichline garage. Cole was on the front seat with Chandler, the driver. The young men were singing and Chandler was pushing his car along at a fair rate of speed. As he turned his car to one side to let another pass the front wheels of his machine slid into a ditch on the curve of the State road, about one half mile this side of the Fishing Creek school house. Chandler gave a sharp turn to get back into the road. The sudden turn of the front of the car to the right caused the rear to swerve sharply to the left and the next instant it crashed into a small post and then into a telephone pole, the small post being broken over by the force of the collision. The sudden stop to the car hurled all five occupants out, Daggett landing on his head in the road. No one knows that his head did or did not strike the telephone pole

The accident happened so suddenly that the injured young men are unable to tell much about it. It is Chandler's belief that the steering gear broke and that this caused the trouble. When the car turned over young Knisely says that he was seated on the left side, Thomas in the middle and Daggett on the right. Chandler says that Knisely was on the left but that Daggett was in the middle. Daggett supposedly, was pitched headforemost over Knisely. He lived but a few minutes. All of the others were also thrown out, their unconscious forms being scattered about the road. Chandler revived first although Cole was the least injured of the group. He was knocked unconscious but soon recovered to find Daggett dying a few feet away. Knisely was also unconscious, coming partly to his senses to hear Chandler remark that "Ranny's dying." Two young men from Zion fortunately happened along. One went to the nearest telephone and summoned Dr. Dale, explaining that there had been an accident, that one of the party might be dead and that Chandler's arm was broken. When Cole found that he was not badly hurt he ran to the Lutz home, some distance away, and also telephoned to Bellefonte for assistance. Dr. Dale went to the scene of the accident in his machine, but when he arrived there Daggett was already dead. It was about two hours before the body was brought to Bellefonte by Undertaker Hard P. Harris. Theyoung man's mother was in New York but was reached by telephone and started on the first train for home, arriving here at 8.30 o'clock last night. The first that Daggett's father knew of the accident and that his son had been killed was when he happened to step out of the Bush House, an hour or so later, and was informed by Frank Masserman. He was overcome with grief, it being difficult for him to realize that such a thing could have happened in this section. He went at once to the scene of the accident. A short time later the body of his son was taken to the Bush House. Examination there revealed the full horror of the affair. The young man's face was bruised about the left eye and cheek, indicating that he had struck the ground on the left side of his head.

As quickly as he could, Dr. Dale made an examination of the injuries of Daggett's companions. All four were hurried to Bellefonte in automobiles and their injuries dressed.

The facts of what transpired in the few hours prior to the accident, as gathered by "The Republican," are that Cole suggested the automobile trip to Hecla. He explained that he had a $3 balance due him at the Keichline garage from a $5 taxi fee of a few evenings previously. He remarked to Daggett and Knisely that they might just as well use up the $3 and take a ride. The Keichline garage furnished a brand new Ford, with Chandler as driver, and about 8:30 o'clock the party started for Hecla. The trip there was without accident. While at Hecla the young men apent a half hour or more at Workman's store, amusing themselves with a player-piano. Shortly after 10 o'clock they started for home. They were in good spirits, there was one song after another and the thought of danger was farthermost from their minds. A few minutes later one of the party was dead, the four others were lying unconscious in the road and what had been a fine new automobile was a complete wreck. In its way it was the most disastrous automobile accident that has ever occurred in or nearby Bellefonte.

To those not familiar with the roads in that section it should be explained that the accident happened on the State road leading from Hecla to Bellefonte by way of Bishop Street. Just a short distance this side of the Fishing Creek school house the road makes a slight turn and then a very sharp one before approaching the point where it runs underneath the Central Railroad of Penna. trestle. It was at the sharp curve that the automobile left the road and then turned over. Running along the side of the road is a ditch, of an average depth of a foot or so. Just about where the road makes the sharp turn is the telephone pole.

Chandler experienced no difficulty in controlling his car until he heard the machine approaching from the rear. The latter car was coming at a lively clip and Chandler turned to the left to let it pass. The second car passed safely, made the turn at the road all right and disappeared in the darkness. Two young men from Zion were walking toward home and saw the lights on the two cars a minute or so before the accident. They said that the car which passed the Keichline machine was moving at a pretty good pace. When they heard the crash as the Keichline car turned over they ran to the scene of the accident and rendered all assistance possible. Despite his injuries Thomas was one of the first to recover his senses and he aided Cole in lifting Knisely into a waiting automobile. Knisely at first thought he was not badly hurt, but when he tried to stand up his left knee gave way and he dropped helplessly into the road.

William Keichline, of the Keichline garage, was one of the first to get to the scene of the accident. He went from there to Zion, where Coroner P. S. Fisher resides, and explained to the latter what had happened. Coroner Fisher was unable to leave home owing to ill health. The body of Daggett was brought to Bellefonte without waiting for an inquest.

Of the four injured young men all were removed to their homes with the exception of Thomas, who was taken to the Bellefonte hospital.

"LET ME ALONE"

Young Daggett's Only Words as He Lay Dying in Road Near Wrecked Auto.

According to the best information to be had Randolph Daggett lived but a few minutes after being tossed out of the Keichline automobile. Chandler, the driver, said that when he regained his senses he saw the four other young men lying about the road. The body nearest to him happened to be that of Daggett. Chandler did not realize at once that Daggett might be so seriously injured and he called to him to get up.

"Let me alone," gasped Daggett, his voice almost a whisper and his eyes tightly closed. They were the last words he uttered. Chandler realized that Daggett was dying and getting a robe from the wrecked auto placed it over the latter's body.

TELL OF ACCIDENT

Chandler and Knisely Give Versions of How it Happened.

CHANDLER'S STATEMENT.

Charles Chandler, driver of the ill-fated automobile, while in bed yesterday related to "The Republican" how he believed the accident happened. Chandler's left arm is so badly fractured at the elbow that he may never again be able to use it. Chandler said:

"We were not going more than 20 or 25 miles an hour when the accident happened. Just a minute before the smash I said to Cole, who was sitting with me, that the steering gear seemed to be wrong. I was all right. There was was nothing wrong with me. Just as we came to the turn in the road the front wheels of the car got off to one side. I gave the wheel a quick turn to the right to swing the car back into the road. As I did so the rear of the car swung around and everybody was thrown out. The car may have struck a telephone pole as it swung around, but I couldn't say as to that. I was stunned by being thrown out, but soon pulled myself together. I got the other fellows to the side of the road and then started to telephone for help. By that time my arm was hurting me so that it made me sick. I have been driving cars for three years and this is my first accident. I'm sorry for poor Randolph Daggett. I did everything I could but the accident happened. Daggett, Thomas and Knisely were in the back seat, Knisely to the left and Daggett in the middle. Daggett must have been pitched out and landed on his head."

KNISELY'S VERSION.

Joseph Knisely, another of the injured young men, was in bed yesterday suffering intense pain from his left knee. He said:

"Its hard to tell just how the accident happened. We were on our way home and everthing was going all right when Chandler turned out to let another car pass. His steering gear broke, I guess, and the first thing I knew I was lying in the road. How long I had been lying there I don't know. The blood was running down over my face and I was dazed, but I heard somebody say 'Ranny's dying.' Pretty soon I tried to stand up, but my knee gave way and I dropped. I didn't know anything then until they lifted me into somebody's car. Maybe the car turned over, and it may have struck the pole, I can't tell which. You see it all happened so quickly. I don't know how long poor Ranny lived. I can just remember lifting my head and seeing him lying all in a heap along the edge of the road. He wasn't so very far from the car. I don't know how far away from the car I was, but it couldn't have been so very far. Cole and Thomas lifted me up after a while. It seemed a couple of hours after they put me into a car before they took me home."

Young Knisely was only recently elected captain of the Bellefonte High School baseball club. His injuries have probably put him out of the game this season. Yesterday his face was terribly swollen, while over botn eyes were large cuts. An ice bag was on his injured knee to keep down the inflammation. While concerned about himself, his thoughts were chiefly for Daggett.

NO INQUEST HELD

Coroner Fisher Says He Made Personal Inquiry into Cause of Accident.

Coroner P. S. Fisher said yesterday that no inquest would be necessary into the death of Randolph Daggett. Coroner Fisher's home is not far distant from the scene of the accident. He said that he had taken the affidavits of several persons and that a coroner's jury had rendered the following:

"After having made a thorough investigation we find no evidence of suspicion of foul play and therefore find it unnecessary to hold an inquest, and that the death and injuries sustained by the inmates of the car was purely accidental."

To this Coroner Fisher added:

"It has been reported that the young men in the car had been drinking. I can find no evidence of this. The car passed my house just before the accident, and at that time it was going at a moderate pace. I have nothing before me to show that the young men had been drinking."

The funeral of Randolph Daggett will be held from the Bush House on Friday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

JUST A FRIENDLY TIP BUY SMOKERS SATURDAY

For Burgess Bower Has Stopped All Sunday Selling.

TO HEAD OFF 'OTHERS'

Hereafter Bellefonte is to be closed as tight as a drum on Sundays. No cigars, no cigarets, candies or merchandise of any kind may be sold on Sunday, according to written notices served on merchants all over town. Little typewritten notices on neat slips of blue paper contained the notice. In his notes of warning which were distributed on Wednesday, Burgess Bower says that others have threatened to take action unless the Sunday selling stops. Who the "others" are his notice does not reveal. His notice to the merchants reads as follows:

Bellefonte, Pa., March 18, 1913.

DEAR SIR:—

You are hereby requested to discontinue the sale of cigars, cigarets, tobacco, confectionery, and all other merchandise, not necessities, on the first day of the week commonly known as Sunday, in order to comply with the provisions of the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. We have been informed that unless Sunday sales are discontinued action will be taken, and this request is made for the purpose of giving you an opportunity of avoiding penalties which might be imposed for the violation of the Sunday laws.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of the Borough this 18th day of March, A. D. 1913.

JOHN J. BOWER,
Chief Burgess

AUTO OWNERS WATCHING NOVEL LIABILITY SUIT

Are They Responsible for Safety of Guests?

HUSBAND SEEKS $10,000

Ohio Man Asks Heavy Damages for Death of Wife From Man Driving Machine When She was Thrown Out and Sustained Broken Neck.

Automobile owners in Centre County, and all through the State, in fact, are following with no little interest a suit for $10,000 damages filed in the Northumberland County courts. The question at issue is: "Is the driver of a privately owned automobile responsible for the safety of his guests?" It is one both new and novel in automobile law and the outcome of the suit will establish a precedent regardless of how it may be decided.

The suit is brought against William A. Levan, of Limestoneville, Montour County, by George E. Smith, of Belle Vernon, Ohio, whose wife was killed when she was thrown from an automobile driven by Levan in August of last year. Smith, in his statement as plaintiff, alleges criminal negligence on the part of Levan, claiming that he was running his car at breakneck speed at the time of the accident.

An account of the accident was published in these columns at the time of its occurrence. Mrs. Smith, it will be recalled, was visiting with relatives near Milton. With Miss Grace Levan, of Milton, a sister of the owner of the car, and two young ladies from Pottsgrove, she was riding in the Levan machine when it upset about one mile from Milton. Mrs. Smith had her neck broken and died almost instantly. One of the other occupants of the car was injured. Evidence before the coroner's jury showed that at the time of the accident Levan, who was driving the car, was racing with another machine and that when he came to a turn in the road his speed was so great that he could not make it. The Levan car was overturned and dropped into a ditch. The coroner's jury was not unanimous in bringing in a verdict, five jurors reporting that Mrs. Smith had come to her death from injuries sustained, while the sixth juror held that Levan was responsible for her death.

Bellefonters Lectured.

H. N. Pringle, of Washington, D. C., representing the federal anti-gambling protective association, gave Bellefonters a sharp lecture in the course of a talk in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday morning. The keynote of his remarks was that too many people in Bellefonte are indifferent in the matter of informing themselves regarding public affairs. Mr. Pringle said that he had asked several persons what the tax rate in Bellefonte was and that not one was able to say. Several others who were asked the names of their representatives at Harrisburg and Washington likewise admitted to hazy recollection on the subject.

Taking up the subject of gambling, Mr. Pringle bluntly declared that church congregations that chanced off any kind of articles were guilty of gambling. Making his comment all the more pointed, he declared that if at any time any person would furnish him with information that a church congregation or any society, religious or otherwise, contemplated chancing off articles he would arrive on the scene with a warrant.

In a number of instances Mr. Pringle has had warrants issued for the arrest of persons violating the gambling laws. Where arrests are made by him the persons are cited to appear for trial in the federal courts. At Williamsport some time ago Mr. Pringle spoke in one of the churches and declared that he had knowledge of the existence of four or five houses of ill fame in that city. To this he added that if the places were not closed immediately he would bring action against the owners of the properties rented to others for immoral purposes. The houses in question were closed the following day.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Mrs. Mary Shroyer, Milesburg; Mr. Robert Way, Port Matilda; Frank Thomas, Bellefonte.

Operations—John H. Nolan, Nittany; Olive Poorman, Coleville.

Discharged—Jennie Stover, Axe Mann; Helen Boyer, Bellefonte; Mrs. Alice Jamison, Spring Mills.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

50 PER CENT ADVANCE IN BORO WATER RENTS

Council Boosts Rate 60 to 90 Per Cent of Schedule.

MORE REVENUE NEEDED

Additional Funds Necessary if Improvements are to be Made—Policeman Beezer Resigns and Jacob Knisely Gets the Place.

On the ground that more revenue is needed, Bellefonte borough Council on Monday night boosted water rents from 60% to 90% of the schedule. This is in effect an advance of 50% over the old rate. The increased rate, according to members of Council, applies to water used in homes and also that measured by meters. Based on the receipts from water rents last year the borough will increase its revenue approximately $3500 during the coming year.

An increase in water rents has been hinted at for some time, members of Council contending that more money was necessary to meet the demands for improvements. At Monday night's meeting the Water Committee, after some consultation, recommended that the old rate be continued for another year. Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff remarked that he understood the borough had a deficit on hand of something like $3,000. President Keller remarked that this was not his understanding, but Dr. Brockerhoff said that he understood such a deficit was a reality. On the point that more money would have to be found to grant a larger water main on East Howard Street and other desired improvements all members of Council seemed to agree. The increased rate for water rents was then ordered. The increased rate is not a popular one, but Council having established it the rate will be in force for the coming year.

When Council adjourned some members were under the impression that the increased rate would not apply to water measured by meters. It was subsequently stated, however, that metors would be included. Nothing was said about metors at the Monday night meeting.

Council disposed of quite a number of matters before adjournment. Policeman William Beezer tendered his resignation, which was accepted. Jacob Knisely, who has been serving during the illness of Mr. Beezer, was elected to the vacancy.

After some little discussion Council approved a suggestion that a concrete curb be built about the big spring, to be raised slightly above the level of the walk. The idea is to keep refuse matter from getting into the spring. The curb is not to cost more than $150. Councilman Seiber recommended that a large gateway be built at the spring, saying that this would be advantageous when draining off the water when the basin is to be cleaned. The Special Committee reported that J. A. Whiteman, of Milesburg, had again leased the Green mill.

Council ordered that the Logan and Undine fire companies be paid the annual appropriation of $250, each.

Before adjourning Council ordered new notes drawn for $500, $1200, $2000, $800, $5000, $1200 and $4000, the same to take up notes maturing.

Keeler Asks Pardon.

A. A. Shafer, of DuBois, editor of "The United Workmen," was in Bellefonte last Saturday in consultation with Colonel Hugh S. Taylor in regard to an application to the State Board of Pardons for a pardon of John G. Keeler, formerly of Bellefonte, convicted recently of murder at Clearfield. The application was presented to the Board of Pardons, at Harrisburg, yesterday by Colonel Taylor. Mr. Shafer in his newspaper for February published several columns of matter relative to the Keeler case. A number of letters written by Keeler to Mr. Shafer were presented. In his letters Keeler told the story of his life and especially of his movements on the few days before the murder. The burden of the argument for a pardon was that he was intoxicated at the time of the shooting and that he was irresponsible for his act. It is not likely that the Board of Pardons will announce its decision in the matter for several weeks.

Gave Priest $500 in Gold.

Rev. M. J. Desmond, pastor of the Osceola Catholic church, on his return the other day from Baltimore and Milwaukee, where he spent a couple of months in the interest of his health, was given a royal welcome and presented with a purse of $500.

Read "The Republican" $1 year in advance.

News and Views of Women.

By Julia Catharine Gray.

The suffragists who marched from Philadelphia to Washington to hold their pageant and parade on March 3, the day previous to President Wilson's Inauguration, discovered the locality which may be properly termed Darkest America. The American men's chivalry toward womanhood has been our proud boast and it is a characteristic which has made us a distinctively individual nation. In this instance, we may console our wounded pride with the reflection that our so-called "guardians of the peace" are largely rough, coarse and ignorant, many of them foreigners or of foreign extraction and not of the true American type. The latter type was represented by the boy scouts, and it is gratifying to be able to feel that the next generation will undoubtedly show a noticeable improvement in this regard.

The insult offered to five thousand women of America who undertook to parade on Pennsylvania Avenue on that day was evidently a plot arranged by a class of men notoriously in league with all the vicious interests now prevalent in all our large cities. Naturally justice and purity are not in their line. It is the same class which is aiding to lead the youth of the land astray.

The Law of Compensation must ever be satisfied and this event is no exception to the rule. The eyes of the whole nation and of other nations have been turned like one gigantic searchlight upon the seat of government. No better demonstration of the fact that women are not considered as citizens of this country could have occurred. No stronger evidence of the fact that they need to be empowered with the ballot for their own protection could be presented. The police force is not the place for a set of ruffians who respect neither good men nor good women and who show such defiance of the law and lawmakers as was exhibited in Washington on that day. They are profitable instruments of "the system" which controls our government and they are safe protectors for the sort of vice which is working ruin to the American nation by leading its young men and women astray instead of safeguarding them.

President Wilson's message indicates that he has a thorough grasp of the situation which confronts and threatens the best interests of these United States. In part, it reads as follows: "We have been proud of our industrial achievements, but we have not hitherto stopped to count the human cost, the cost of lives snuffed out, of energies overtaxed and broken, the fearful physical and spiritual cost to the men and women and children upon whom the dead weight and burden of it all has fallen pitilessly the years through. The groans and agony of it all had not yet reached our ears, the solemn moving undertone of our life, coming up out of the mines and factories and out of every home where the struggle has its intimate and familiar seat. With the great government went many deep secret things which we too long delayed to look into and scrutinize with candid fearless eyes. The great government we loved has too often been made use of for private and selfish purposes and those who used it had forgotten the people."

The woman and child labor bills in Delaware and Pennsylvania Legislatures, providing for a minimum wage and regulating working hours, have caused strenuous opposition among "the interests." These are the same interests which are opposing the enfranchisement of women. They refuse to protect women and also oppose giving them the means which will enable them to protect themselves, and children they do not consider at all. What better evidence could be offered of the fact that they desire to exploit the helpless ones for the purpose of adding dollars to their own coffers? The following definition of a minimum wage is taken from the Philadelphia North American: "A minimum wage is a living wage. That which is not a living wage is a killing wage. A killing wage means that in the name of industry the state permits the slow murder of the characters, the bodies and the souls of human beings. And systematized murder of that kind, we say, though it be called by any respectable name whatsoever, cannot long be tolerated in a society which calls itself civilized."

There are 250,000 women in Pennsylvania dependent on their own earnings in whole or in part for their livelihood, and many of these not only support themselves, but contribute wholly or partially to the Consumers' League, states. "Pennsylvania,—the second greatest industrial state in the Union, employing 140,000 women in her factories alone,—is the only state which specifically allows her women to labor a legal twelve hour day'"

The Illinois Legislature has made an appropriation and appointed a vice commission in Chicago to inquire into the reasons for women going wrong. The investigation was started in the department [illegible] women of the underworld have come face to face in the court room. A number of states have begun similar investigations and the consensus of opinion points to the fact that the low wages paid to women are at the root of evil. The following article taken from a recent paper reveals what is doubtless the experience of hundreds of girls:

Reformers and unreformed—the state senate's vice investigation commission and the women for whose moral downfall the commission is trying to determine the causes—differed today in the relation between low wages and low morality.

Letters received by the commission from women of the underworld mocked at the work which the legislators are doing.

One of these letters signed "K. R. L." reads:

"To the commission: Girls don't go wrong because they are hungry, or because they need clothes. They go wrong because they are tempted by lies and overpowered by the evil in men.

"They listen to the fair and pretty things that men tell them and they fall because they think they can trust themselves and trust the tempters. It is not the employer, I was a good girl and I worked in a store.

"I didn't get much money, but that didn't matter. I lived on $8 a week and would be living like that now but I met men. They seemed to consider me their prey and all the time it was fight—fight—fight. They wanted to be nice to me they said, and to take me to the theatre and treat me fair—and give me a chance to enjoy life.

"I didn't know men were bad—all bad—where a girl is concerned. I thought only women were bad. I thought all a girl had to do to remain good was to be truthful with herself. God pity women who think that and who keep their trust in men until it is too late. Every day it was someone else—always smiling at me—always trying to give me a 'fair chance' to be happy. In the street they followed me. These I could avoid—but the 'friends' who hung around!—

"That is the big, big secret of the thing that makes a good girl bad. If they had let me be—if they had only let me be—only let me live as I wanted to, I wouldn't have had to slink into the room when your commission was trying to solve things and would not have had to sit in a corner with my veil down, afraid to look a good woman in the face."

Another cry from the underworld echoed the words of this letter. It was more bitter though and it read in parts:

"You're looking for the things that made such women as I. Low wages! Dance halls! Hunger! Cold! They all helped a bit, but they didn't turn the trick themselves. You're all a bunch of hypocrites, afraid to look the thing in the face and afraid to learn the truth.

"I don't know any girls who sold themselves for money to buy bread or clothes. But I do know lots of them who hit the road for hell because a lot of blackguards kept hounding them with their rotten 'attentions.' God help the men and not us. We're all right when we start. All we need is to be left alone. There are hundreds and hundreds of kids and sports who hang around State street and wait like wolves for the tired girls to leave the store.

"Why don't you make the men be good? All the wages in the world won't help us. Make the men good and the girls will be good.

"Now the girls haven't got a chance, and they never will have so long as the law smiles at one and spits at another."

This letter was signed with the initials "L. M."

While these comments on the situation continued to pour in, the civic consciousness awakened by the commission bestirred itself in the launching of committees and private investigating forces.

In some stores girls approached their employers to demand larger salaries. All were assured that they would be taken care of as soon as something definite has been agreed upon. Several resignations were tendered by girl employes as a result of parental advice.

A mass meeting for the discussion of "a living wage and a Saturday half holiday" was scheduled by the Juvenile Protective Association, the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League for next Friday night.

A careful study of the probable effects of establishing among themselves a minimum wage scale for women is being made by the big retail merchants of this city, it was learned today, following the recent session of the state vice commission. Later a formal meeting will be held by the merchants at which members of the commission will be in attendance.

The commission suggested $2 a day as the proper minimum, but thus far the merchants believe that $8 a week is the most practicable wage for beginners.

"Dr. Thomas" Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted.

In car load lots one million fee white pine in 4 quarter, 5 quarter quarter, and thicker. Address,

LUMBERMAN
Lock Haven, Pa.

1-27-14t.

Ways of the Papuans.

The Papuans have no metals and no pottery. "The people at Parimau have a small piece of iron about the size of a chisel, used for carving their canoes and paddles, for which the enormous price of three dogs had been paid, so they informed me, to the people of Kaitimi," says A. F. R. Wollaston in his "Pygmies and Papuans." The Papuan dogs, by the way, never bark, "but they make up for this defect by their extraordinary power of howling," as if carried away by an ecstasy of sorrow. The Tapiro pygmies carry their knives, the flint implements of prehistoric man, in a skillfully netted bag worked in a figure of eight stitch and use the sharp flakes not only for cutting purposes, but for scraping down the wood of their bows and for pointing and ornamenting their arrows. They carry about with them also a sleeping mat fabricated by a woman out of pandanus leaves, some tobacco, which they smoke in a cylinder of bamboo, and their apparatus for fire making—the split stick, the coiled rattan and the tinder.

Caught at Last.

To bring about the victory of good over evil has been assumed to be the especial aim of saints and sages, but savages, it seems, may sometimes be militant in the same cause. In his book, "The White Waterfall," Mr. James Francis Dwyer relates the story of a missionary who preached to a tribe of blacks in northern Queensland and told them in simple language of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. The episode of the serpent much excited the converts, and when the missionary arrived at the blacks' camp on the following day the natives had collected half a hundred or more snakes, which they brought out for the good man's inspection.

"But why do you want me to examine them?" asked the parson, puzzled.

The chief of the tribe winked knowingly.

"You tell 'em if old snake here that mak 'em plenty trouble, Mr. Adam," he said, grinning. "We think 'em you find dat old feller with this lot."

On Slender Bases.

Sir Herbert Tree, the amount of whose correspondence is doubtless overwhelming, has been the recipient, it is said, of some extraordinary letters. From them three samples are selected for quotation, each from a member of the fair sex. The first runs: "Dear Sir Herbert—I don't know you, but I have four girls from Switzerland home for the holidays. It would be a great treat if they could see your play. But that would be rather expensive. Will you please send us five stalls? I hope you won't think this is very bare faced." The second lady wrote, "Although I am a stranger to you, it would be so helpful if you would send me £2 12s. 6d." The third lady asked for a couple of stalls and on being invited to say why she made the claim sent what she evidently thought to be an all sufficient reason "My father," she wrote, "knew Charles Dickens!"

Ancient Tricks.

The arts of jugglery were, as has been proved by learned writers, of high antiquity. The Hirpini, who lived near Rome, jumped through burning coals: women in early times were accustomed to walk over burning coals in Cappadocia, and the exhibition of balls and cups is often mentioned in the works of the ancients. It was as far back as the third century that one Fermus, or Firmius, who endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt, suffered a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed on his breast, and rope dancers with balancing poles are mentioned by Petronius and others, while the various feats of horsemanship exhibited in our circuses passed in the nineteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court and thence over all Europe.

"Journal" and "Journey."

Strictly speaking a "journal" should be a daily publication, although the word no longer has that limited use. The case of "journey" is exactly comparable. Even to Chaucer it still meant a day's progress, and in the fourteenth century it was possible to speak of one country as being "fifty-two journeyes" distant from another, a "journey" being reckoned usually as twenty miles. But "journey" calls up no suggestion whatever of a day now.

Conclusive.

Insurance Solicitor—Well, doctor, have you examined this new claimant? Doctor—No. I haven't thought it necessary. You see, I've been treating him for the last seven years. Insurance Solicitor—That's enough. If he has survived that he must be a person of wondrous vitality.

In the Days of His Youth.

Nervous Old Lady—There's no fear of your horse running away, is there? Cabby—Not a bit, mum. Nervous Old Lady—He doesn't shy at motors, does he? Cabby—Bless yer, no, lidy. Why, 'e didn't even shy at railway trains when they fust came in.—London Telegraph.

His Best Bedroom.

An American physician says that while in England he saw a vaulted tomb in a London cemetery which had the following inscription engraved on the door: "Dr. John Gardner's Last and Best Bedroom."

Encourage the Child.

One of the most discouraging things you can say to a child or youth is to call him a good-for-nothing, a nobody, or to tell him that he will never be of any use.

Why Worry?

Sickness may come; death may be at the door, but the man who does not give up cuts down the doctor bills and cheats the undertaker altogether.

Business deals may go wrong and financial disaster may threaten, but the man who takes stock in himself and remains on the job seldom enters the bankruptcy court.

Poverty may be at the door, and hard luck may bring adversity, but the man who takes his fortune with a smile will be at the dock when his ship comes in.

So why worry?

Worry saps vitality, brings gray hairs, produces wrinkles, and it can turn a sunshiny day into a dreary one.

Without a cloud in the sky, worry can make one believe there will be a downpour any minute.

Worry discounts bills receivable, adds interest to those which are to be paid and disturbs the scheme of things generally.

It never won a battle. It never cleared a situation. It never solved a problem.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The West and the East.

To the east ancestors are most important; to the west descendants are most important.

The east delights in memory, the west in prophecy.

The east says: This thing is rather unpleasant and inconvenient for us, but it served our fathers well; therefore we will keep it. The west says: This thing will be a nuisance for us, brought up in other customs, but it will serve our children well; therefore we will adopt it.

The east, though moving slowly forward, looks backward; the west, though sometimes moving backward, yet looks forward.

The east takes delight in being behind the times, the west in being ahead of them.

The east is history; the west is apocalypse.—Life.

Thackeray's Thanks.

Thackeray's playful habit of wrapping rime up in prose is happily illustrated in the letter below, which was written to his friend Hole:

"Did I ever write and comply with your desire to have a page of autograph? You're welcome to a quire. Tell your friend the lady I have no pleasure higher than in writing pretty poetry and striking of the lyre, in compliment to a gentleman whom benevolence did inspire to send me partridges and pheasants killed with shot or wire (but whatever the way of killing them, I equally admire), and who of such practices, I trust, will never tire. May you bring your birds down every time you fire, this, my noble sportsman, is the fond desire of William Makepeace Thackeray, editor and esquire."

Waterloo In Rimes.

The battle of Waterloo has produced more verse than any other fight on record. Probably, too, no other battle name lends itself to such a variety of rimes. Waterloo is a Flemish name. As pronounced by the Belgians it rimes with "barter low," and before the name became Anglicized this pronunciation was current in England. Crabbe makes Waterloo rime with "foe," but Byron, writing only a few months later, makes it rime with "true." A more ingenious rime appears in a Nottinghamshire dialect poem written during the Crimean war:

We'll feight 'em as we fought the French
when we met at Waterloo.
We brogged 'em in the belly and made
'em all go-ugh!

—London Chronicle.

Hissing "Carmen."

One of the most popular operas of the present day, "Carmen," underwent an unfortunate experience, but achieved success too late, alas, to console the disappointed composer, whose death was accelerated, it is said, by the ill reception accorded to his chef d'oeuvre. "Carmen" was, in fact, actually hissed off the stage on its first performance in Paris in 1875, and poor Bizet died shortly after, unable to foresee the great success in store for his latest and best work, whose stirring music so admirably fits the thrilling Spanish libretto it illustrates.

Siamese Clothes.

In Siam both men and women wear the "panung," which is described as a piece of silk or cotton cloth wound around the hips, the slack being rolled up, passed between the legs and hitched up behind in such a way as to give the appearance of a pair of loose knickerbockers. For waist coverings the women wear jackets or blouses, and the men wear coats.—Haberdasher.

Not the Same Thing.

"My wife, dear doctor, thinks she must go to the Riviera for her health. Isn't there some other remedy for her illness?"

"Yes; I can cure the illness, but I can't cure your wife."—Fliegende Blatter.

No Cause to Quarrel.

"My poem," said the poet, "was entitled 'A Day With a Dream,' but you printed it 'A Day With a Dram.'"

"Well," said the editor, "that ought to stimulate you."—Exchange.

Today.

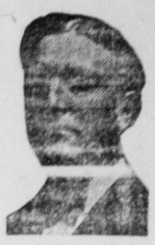
"An ounce of tomorrow," sagaciously informs an exchange, "is worth a pound of yesterday." But an ounce of today is worth a ton of either.—Detroit News.

Success is something to live up to, failure, something to live down.—Youth's Companion.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

I Will Prove It to You Free



J. C. Hutzell, R. P.

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable, whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pain—I will send you a trial of a soothing, healing treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

CUT AND MAIL TO DAY

J. C. HUTZELL, 115 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name.....Age.....

Post Office.....

State.....Street and No.....

An Ancient English Law.

There was a time when most foreigners traveling to England had to visit a tailor on arriving in order to have their buttons changed. According to a law passed in the eighteenth century, any person in England wearing buttons made of cloth, serge, drugget or frieze was liable to a fine. The foreigner wearing a coat with cloth buttons made in his own country is not fined when first charged with this breach of the law. He must, however, hasten to obtain proper buttons, or he may be arrested on the following day.—London Standard.

When Disraeli Forgot.

Disraeli was speaking in support of Lord Lytton's motion condemning the evacuation of Kandahar. "My lords," he said, "the key of India is not Merv or Herat or"—here came a long pause and rather painful anxiety in the audience and then the quiet resumption of the thread. "It is not the place of which I cannot recall the name—the key of India is London."—"One Look Back," by the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell.

She Knew.

"Lola, dear," said her mother, "do you know the meaning of your Bible text, 'Love one another?'"

"Why, of course I do, mamma," she replied. "It means that I must love you and you must love me; I'm one and you're another."—Chicago News.

Doing Their Best.

"Didn't I understand you to say they keep a servant girl?"

"Certainly not. I said they try to. As soon as one goes they get another."—Philadelphia Press.

Sneezing.

Sneezing is the best brain clearer known. Many persons conclude an attack of faintness or fainting with a violent sneeze. Our ancestors took snuff from a belief in the efficacy of sneezing. But tobacco so taken is in part absorbed into the blood and hurts the system. Tickling the nostrils with a feather or straw will act as well as taking snuff. Try it when you feel faint. It cannot do harm.

Believable!

"Do you know that I had two offers of marriage last week?" asked a plain girl of a friend.

"Oh, I am delighted, dear!" the friend exclaimed. "Then the report that your uncle left you his money is really true?"

Cheerfulness.

If there is need of joyousness and good cheer in our words and looks and demeanor it is when we feel least like it and when others about us are most likely to be helped by it.

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steinkerchner Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Steinkerchner passed away at 3.20 last Friday morning at the family homestead at Drifting, Clearfield County.

While she had been a sufferer for sometime with rheumatism her death was the result of a stroke of paralysis which overtook her on the previous Monday evening.

The deceased, whose maiden name was Miss Elizabeth Ollinger, was born at Pine Glenn, April 4, 1856, making her age 56 years, 11 months and 10 days. She was the daughter of John and Mary Ollinger. She was married to Mr. Steinkerchner about 37 years ago, and had since resided at Drifting. She was a lady whose many pleasing qualities endeared her to a large circle of friends.

Besides her husband she leaves eight sons and daughters to mourn her departure, viz: John, of Philipsburg; Cora, wife of Clement Coudriet, of St. Mary's; Miss Nora and Lucy, wife of Martin Folmar, Niagara Falls; Bernard, of Hamilton, Ontario, Can., and Simon and Misses Mary and Agnes, at home. Her aged mother, who resides at Grass Flat, and two brothers at Grass Flat, and two sisters also survive, viz: John Ollinger, of Windber; Joseph Ollinger, of Drifting; Mary, wife of John Hartle, of Meyersdale, and Miss Anna Ollinger, who is at home with her mother at Grass Flat.

Consolation.

"What made you so angry at the gentleman, dearie?"

"He said that I was a fool and that my hat was too big for me."

"Cheer up, darling. He was wrong about your hat. It fits you fine."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Three Possessions.

"I've a kitchenette in my flat. What's the feature of yours, Jones?"

"A refrigerette. And of yours, Smith?"

"I've got a suffragette to dine with. Exchange.

Up and Down.

"That would be great at home when the baby is peevish," remarked Mr. Yunghusband as he watched the ship's heaving deck.

"What's that?"

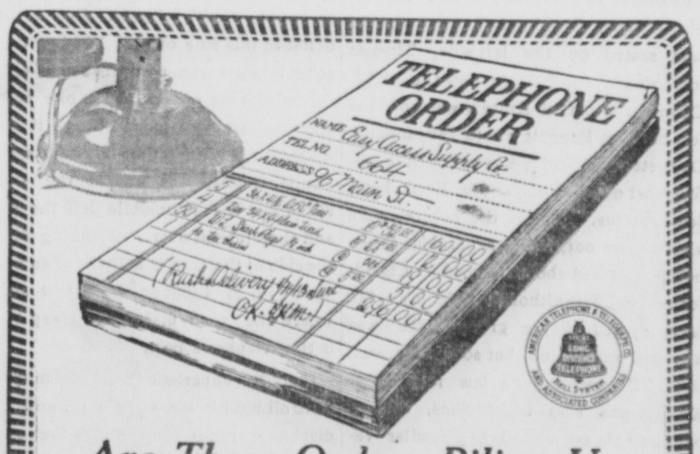
"That deck; a regular self walking floor."—Exchange.

Fortunate.

Goodfellow—I'm sorry to say my wife has an aggravating habit of interrupting me in the middle of a sentence. Binns—Humph! You are fortunate to be able to get so far.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is tact? Paw—Tact is thinking that a man is a liar when you are afraid to tell him so.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



Are These Orders Piling Up On Your Desk?

If not, what is the reason? Your competitor's goods are no better, his prices no lower, to you his service SEEMS no different.

Wait! He has a Direct Line Telephone. Customers always get him when they call, unless he himself is using the line.

Have a Direct Line Telephone and the trade will soon appreciate that waits which they encountered because some one else on your line was using it, are eliminated. The additional cost is trifling.

A Direct Line Telephone means more business. Try it! Call the Business Office NOW.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Penna.
W. S. MALLALIEU, Local Manager
Bellefonte, Pa.

Between Friends

A Tale of the Desert

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The sand of the desert shimmered in the intense heat. The sun shone brazenly down from a merciless blue sky. Shifting winds had riffled the sands into wavelets, with here and there a mountainous billow.

Winding in and out among the billows were shallow indentations—camel tracks in the sand.

Ford Cameron turned to his companion.

"How long, Abdi?"

The Arab leaned from his horse until his face almost touched the sand. With a single movement of his lithe body he sat upright again. "Ten minutes, saire," he said, with a shrug of the shoulder.

Cameron frowned.

"The last caravan we ran into tried to rob us of what the others hadn't stolen," he muttered.

"This is the same one, effendi," remarked Abdi.

"How do you know that?" Cameron's tone was sharp.

Again the Arab shrugged. "I know!"

"Let us go another way, then," suggested the American impatiently. "My journey to the ancient ruins of Gib, where I am to join the archaeological expedition, has already been interrupted five times by encounters with bandits and holdups by both Italian and Turkish scouting parties. Is there no other route we may take—one that is less frequented?"

Abdi's fierce glance seemed to overleap the billowed desert and became concentrated on the far horizon, where something glittered for an instant and then vanished.

"There is a different route that may prove to be safer," he said at last.

"Lead the way, then," ordered Cameron impatiently.

Obediently the Arab wheeled his horse to the left, away from the route which they had chosen and which was the same taken by the thieving caravan whose camel tracks had momentarily halted their journey.

As Cameron followed his guide he occasionally threw a glance over to the right, where one might reasonably expect to glimpse some trace of the caravan which had passed only ten minutes before. He was hoping that they would elude the thieving Arabs who had plundered their provisions and tried to steal their horses. A quick battle with automatic revolvers and a repeating rifle had put the Arabs to flight. But they hovered near. One day's uninterrupted journey would bring him to the expedition camp on the site of ancient Gib. Urgent business had prevented his joining the party at the appointed place; consequently he had to make this lonely trip across northern Tripoli with the uncertain loyalty of an Arab dragoman as his sole dependence.

Cameron decided to be on the lookout for treachery from his dragoman.

"What is that?" he asked suddenly.

Abdi inclined his ear respectfully. A faint yapping sound broke the stillness.

"Jackals," declared Abdi, shrugging his shoulders.

Cameron knew that the Arab lied and felt that his suspicions were confirmed. Therefore he said nothing.

He drank some strong coffee of his own preparation and ate a few tinned biscuits from his own saddlebags. He decided not to sleep that night. In an unguarded moment Abdi might murder him with a shot from the silver mounted rifle he carried slung over his burnoose.

Cameron propped his saddle against a sand hillock and, sitting down, leaned his head against the leather bags. His cartridge belt was buckled outside his coat and in either hand he held an automatic revolver.

The three horses, Abdi's, his own and the pack horse, which carried his luggage, were grouped near at hand.

Once again there came the distant cry—of the jackals? Cameron believed otherwise. Abdi turned his head away and listened.

"It is a signal cry," thought Cameron, who knew something of the wireless telegraphy of the desert tribes. "I wonder if it relates to my affairs or are they on the trail of Italian scouts? Very likely they are on the scent of other game—something bigger than I can offer with my meager equipment and silver watch."

After awhile he arose and stretched himself, offering a splendid target for Abdi's rifle, but the tall Arab did not even turn his head. He was staring out into the fathomless gloom of the desert as if his falcon eyes would pierce its mysteries.

Cameron remained standing. He felt a vague uneasiness creeping over him. He thought he heard fotsteps padding to and fro in the soft sand among the hillocks. There seemed to be a burden of whispering in the still air, but whenever he grew rigid and tense with listening there was nothing save the murmuring breeze troubling the grains of sand.

The horses stirred restlessly and one of them whinnied. Cameron caught the beginning of an answering whinny—it was never ended. Something stifled it into silence.

"What was that, Abdi?" asked Cameron sharply.

The Arab turned. "That, effendi? Thy servant sneezed."

A grim smile curved Cameron's lips. "Traitor," he muttered to himself as he listened.

After that a great silence fell upon the desert. The wind ceased blowing. The horses drooped their heads and were quiet. Abdi stood a dark statue throwing a gigantic shadow on the sand.

Cameron's eyes ached with the watching and with a longing for sleep to come to his burning eyelids.

Suddenly a tiny spark appeared at the top of a nearby hillock. It disappeared.

Instantly Abdi struck a fusee and lighted a cigarette. As his lean dark face was exposed in the glow of the brief light, Cameron saw a look of eagerness spread over the grim features of his dragoman.

"A signal," decided Cameron, wondering whether it would not be wiser to bowl the traitor over with one shot now and if there was to be a battle let it begin at once and have it over with.

There would be small chance of his escaping alive if the enemy should surround him as they would be likely to do. Even now they might be crouching behind the very sand dune against which he was leaning.

Almost anything was better than the strain of waiting for something to happen. He would give them ten minutes more and then—. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was two hours after midnight.

He was impatient at the idea of having his arrival at Gib delayed by another day and he could not understand Abdi's stupidity in prolonging the journey except in the light of having betrayed his master to the bandits.

Abdi smoked his cigarette peacefully and finally flung the burning end to the ground. Cameron watched for some answering signal but saw nothing.

"Perhaps it is the signal to attack now," he muttered and at that instant Abdi turned swiftly and yelled at him. "Baalek!" (Lookout!) was his cry, and it was flung as a warning to Cameron.

Cameron dropped into the shadow of the hillock and awaited with quickened pulses the swift padding of feet among the sand dunes. He saw Abdi throw himself into a similar attitude and he was ashamed that he had mistrusted the loyal fellow even as he thrilled with the realization that he was not fighting alone—there were two of them.

Abdi had the point of vantage; he could see what was coming. Cameron watched his dark form.

Suddenly Abdi sprang to his full height and screamed fanatically:

"La illah Allah, Mohammed Rasoul il Allah!"

There came a sharp shot out of the silence that followed his challenging cry, and the Arab tumbled back, clutching his arm.

"Come on out of that, you jackals!" sang out a strong English speaking voice from the direction of the shot that had wounded Abdi.

Cameron's breath nearly left his body.

"Hi, there! Who are you?" he called out.

"The devil!" was the astonishing explosive retort. "Come on, Appleby; let's investigate this civilized individual." And footsteps came nearer, nearer, and finally rounded the hillock against which the groaning Abdi leaned, and two men dressed in European garments and wearing white pith helmets appeared.

They stopped at sight of the group of three horses, the wounded Arab and the solitary form of the American in garb similar to their own.

"Appleby, who is your fool friend?" asked Cameron coolly as he approached them.

"Ford Cameron!" ejaculated Appleby, staring with all his might. "Have we been stalking you all the evening?"

"You have," returned Cameron grimly. "It's a wonder you didn't get potted. What did you think we were, eh?"

"Bandits. We heard you were coming. How? Desert wireless, of course. Thought we'd come out and meet you. Started yesterday and got lost. Last night the pesky robbers harried us all over the desert. Thought we were in for another night of it, only we changed about and hunted the hunters. Funny, isn't it?"

Appleby rattled lightly on as his companion leaned over the groaning Arab, deftly ripped the covering from his shoulder and made a brief examination of the wound by the light of an electric pocket lamb that quite awed Abdi into submission.

"A mere scratch," he pronounced brusquely as he took out a small case from his pocket, applied ointment and bandages. "There, my good fellow; you'll be all right in a day or so. Mighty sorry I pinked you, but it was fortunes of war."

He pressed a gold coin into the Arab's eager hand, and, waving aside the murmured thanks, he joined the other two men.

"Let me introduce Dr. Ransom," said Appleby to Cameron. "He's the medical end of the expedition."

The three sat and talked in the diminishing moonlight, while Abdi slumbered fitfully.

When day dawned Cameron mounted a hillock and looked in all directions. Against the eastern sky stood palm trees in dark silhouette.

"The ruins of Gib!" he shouted down to his companions.

As the three stood and watched the rising of the sun Abdi stirred himself and turned his face to the east.

"La illah Allah, Mohammet Rasoul il Allah!" he chanted. And this time it was a cry of peaceful worship.

No Difference.

It was a breezy morning, and the city train was packed. A crusty old gentleman with his back to the engine "preferred the window down for ventilation," while a wheezy individual facing the window persisted in pulling it up again, as he "hated these beastly east winds."

"I can't stand this stuffy herring box!" chortled the crusty man, tugging the strap and letting the window drop for the fourth time.

"Nor I these Siberian blasts that only convicts could stand," rejoined the wheezer. "Don't you know it's an old adage that 'when the wind is in the east 'tis neither fit for me nor you?'"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the crusty man, appealing to the passengers to laugh also. "Here's a man who doesn't know that old proverb. Why, sir, the last words are 'man nor beast.'"

"Well, there's no difference in what I said," chuckled the wheezer as the passengers roared in chorus.—London Tit-Bits.

Fun For the Elephants.

A queer elephant yarn is told by the captain of a trading steamboat. On one occasion he had on board a cargo of forty elephants. The vessel was anchored in a perfectly smooth sea off the coast of Zanzibar, but to the great surprise of the passengers the steamer began to roll. At first they supposed the motion to be caused by the ground swell, but when the motion kept increasing there was general alarm, and the captain instigated an investigation. Then it was revealed that the elephants had in some way found that by swaying to and fro all together a rocking motion was produced that seemed to please them immensely. So the great heads and bodies rolled and swung in unison until the steamer, which had no other cargo and rode lightly, was in imminent danger of rolling clean over. The attendants hurried down into their hold and, after a great deal of shouting and thumping, managed to stop the dangerous amusement.

When Musicians Were Scarce.

In these days of conservatories and music schools, when each house has its piano or its organ, to say nothing of devotees to the cornet, violin and banjo, it seems strange to assert that there ever was a time when musicians were in demand, yet such was really the case. "In the fifteenth century," says Henry M. Brooks in his "Olden Time Music," "musicians were so scarce in England that they were impressed by government order, as in more recent times seamen had to suffer in like manner. Henry VIII. also issued warrants for the impressment of children with good voices for the choirs of the cathedrals, and in Elizabeth's time children with the proper qualification for her majesty's choirs were taken from their parents without any compensation being given to the latter."

He Could Prove It.

"How long can a human being exist without air?"

"For at least four hours."

"Quit your kidding. I'm asking a plain question, and I expect a serious answer."

"I'm giving it to you. I have proved to my own satisfaction, and very recently, that a human being can live four hours when absolutely deprived of air."

"You're a fool. A boy can stay under water for two minutes if he has strong lungs. Even an amphibious animal can"—

"Oh, cut that. I've proved it. I rode from here to Buffalo in the upper berth of a sleeping car the other night. And I was taken out alive. I can prove it!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Grant's Quick Wit.

Once during the civil war, when Grant was in subordinate command, he was reconnoitering alone near the enemy's lines. Suddenly he found himself confronted by one of the Confederates' pickets, who was for arresting him. "Sho! Sho!" said Grant, with the utmost coolness. "Can't you see I am reconnoitering in the enemy's uniform? Don't make a noise. I shall be back directly." And he walked away quietly until out of the picket's sight, then ran as nimbly as he could.

Dust In One's Eyes.

To "cast dust into one's eyes" perfectly explains itself. It is, however, interesting to know that Epaminondas at the battle of Tegea defeated the Spartans by masking his movements with a large body of cavalry. He caused the horsemen to gallop to and fro in front of the enemy in such a way as to raise a cloud of dust and so veiled the movements of his infantry and enabled them to take up a new and more advantageous position.

His Way.

"Binks apparently likes sea food in his sport."

"What do you mean?"

"If he goes for a row he invariably catches a crab, and if he motors his car always turns turtle."—Baltimore American.

The Answer.

"I tell you, society is to blame for the criminal. Why are the majority of convicts in prison?"

"I think very likely because they can't get out."—Baltimore American.

A Subtle Hint.

Lady Tourist—The sphinx hasn't spoken in 5,000 years. Her Husband—Darling, try to be like her just for a day.—New York Globe.

Let the speech be better than silence or be silent.—Dionysius.

Two Travelers.

Largely as a matter of experiment a gentleman determined to ascertain how thoroughly he could familiarize himself with a country by means of maps and books of description. To make the case as difficult as possible he chose Madagascar, of which to that moment he had no knowledge except of a most general character. He pursued this inquiry diligently and with increasing relish. At the end of four or five years a man who had just returned from Madagascar came into his office. The conversation naturally turned upon the island whence this man had come. The traveler finally asked, "When were you last in Madagascar?" "I have never been there," was the response. "Why," exclaimed the other, "you know more about it than I do." A similar story is told of Von Humboldt, who never saw Jerusalem, but produced a thoroughly reliable account of the Holy City. The traveler has often discovered that the persons who apparently know least about a place are those who have lived in it all their days.—Christian Advocate.

Prophetic Bells.

At 2 a. m. on Sept. 27, 1869, the world famous clock in the great cathedral at Strassburg commenced to chime without rhyme or reason. It sounded 1,870 peals, then stopped, and after an interval slowly began to toll as if for a great one dead. The political atmosphere of Europe at that time was indicative of profound peace. Nothing of danger or disgrace could by any possibility be conceived of as threatening Strassburg or its inhabitants. Yet less than a year afterward the German armies had encircled the city with a ring of steel and fire. The German shells were falling thickly in her streets and squares and exploding even within the precincts of the stately cathedral itself. And precisely at 2 a. m., Sept. 27, 1870, General Uhrich signed the capitulation which was to deliver Strassburg into the hands of the invaders.

The Curious Limpets.

The limpets are a curious kind of shellfish. They resemble the abalones in their habits. The interior is made of the most brilliant colors, bronze and iridescent hues predominating. They are found on the west coast of Mexico and are so large that the people use them for wash basins. They are ferocious animals and prey with great voracity on clams. The process seems slow, but the limpet always gets there. He gets his cover over the unsuspecting clam and puts his big foot on his shell, generally on a weak spot. Then he whips out a long, wiry tongue and proceeds to bore a hole in his captive. When this is done the shell flies open, and the limpet is free to feast on the poor clam's carcass. He eats but a part and leaves the rest for the fishes of the sea.

How Canada Was Named.

According to an eminent authority, when the Portuguese under Gaspar Cortereal in 1500 first ascended the St. Lawrence they believed it to be the strait of which they were in quest, through which a passage might be discovered into the Indian sea. When, however, they arrived at the point when they could clearly ascertain that this was no strait, but a river, they exclaimed repeatedly in their disappointment, "Ca nada" ("Here nothing"). These words, remembered by the natives, were repeated to the next Europeans who visited the land. The newcomers, hearing the phrase so frequently, conjectured that it must be the name of the country, so "Canada" it remains.

Earthquake Gowns.

In 1750 there was a great earthquake in England, and Horace Walpole records that "several women have made 'earthquake gowns' — that is, warm gowns to sit out of doors all night." Walpole also tells that "Turner, a great china man at the corner of the next street, had a jar cracked by the shock. He originally asked 10 guineas for the jar. He now asks 20, because it is the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake."

An Unnecessary Sacrifice.

Reginald—I love you, Madeline. For you I would give up family, position, wealth—

Madeline—Half a minute, Reginald. Giving up family is all right. I don't want a mother-in-law. Give up your position if you can get a better one, but please hold on to your wealth. We may need it.

He took her advice.—New York Telegraph.

Born to Luck.

"This is the third time you have been here for food," said the woman at the kitchen door to the tramp. "Are you always out of work?"

"Yes'm," replied the itinerant. "I guess I was born under a lucky star."—Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Plain.

"So you're hungry, eh?" Smythe said to a beggar one day.

"Yes, boss," the beggar replied. "I ain't had nothing to eat for three days."

"Well," said Smythe, "that's why you're hungry, man!"

Cunning and Knavery.

Cunning leads to knavery. It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery. Lying only makes the difference. Add that to cunning, and it is knavery.—Bruyere.

It takes ten pounds of common sense to carry one pound of learning.—Persian Proverb.

The Wild West

It Was Different From What Johnny Bruce Had Expected

By EVELYN THURBER

Every community adapts itself to its necessities. In the early days in the wild west, a horse was about the most valuable thing a man could possess, consequently horse thieves, when caught, were hanged by the neck.

The tales picturing the conditions existing in that country in those days—tales usually written by elderly ladies living in civilized eastern homes—were fascinating to youth. They made the boys feel that they would like to live that kind of a life just as one reading an imaginative description of a battle would wish to be in it. The real western life and the real battle are entirely different from these fancy pictures and altogether unattractive.

But Johnny Bruce, a city boy, having read the dime novels of his day, when he came of age, having fallen heir to a little money, concluded to go west, have a look at the country and, if he liked it, would invest his legacy in a stock of goods and set himself up for a merchant. So Johnny took a train and was pulled as far on his journey as there were locomotives to pull him, then got into a stage coach and went as far as that means of conveyance lasted. Not finding anything rough enough to suit him he thought he would go further on horseback. He had provided himself with wearing apparel made for him after the pictures of "Arkansaw Pete" or "Tennessee Joe," published in the dime novels he had read, so he put on the garments and cast about for a horse.

There weren't many horses in the country at the time, and what there were, were in daily use. Johnny spent a lot of time trying to hire or buy an animal and failed. Then it occurred to him that the hero in one of the novels he had read when fleeing for his life, had borrowed a horse to speed him in his flight. It seemed to Johnny that the time had come to put in practice some of that daredevil recklessness for which he had come west. He would go to some man's barn, take a horse and, when through with it, send it back to its owner.

Having located a barn during the day, at dead of night he went there saddled a horse—a coal black steed. Johnny's favorite color for a horse was black—and mounting cantered gaily away.

Johnny pulled up in the morning at a small town and, asking to be directed to a hotel, was shown a house, the person doing so saying:

"Madge Barker, she keeps boarders in that ar house; you mought git in thar. There ain't no hotel hereabout."

Johnny went to the house and was received by a woman with tousled hair and garments decorated with grease spots, who welcomed him and prepared a breakfast for him. He was waited on during the meal by Madge's daughter, who, had she been better dressed, might have presented a comely appearance. She was just Johnny's age and it was evident from her manner that she was much pleased with the young man. She had never—at least, not in a long while—seen anything so fine. She asked him what sort of a costume it was he had on, which surprised him, for he had supposed it was the kind worn in that country.

Johnny's first thought was to find some one to take the borrowed horse back to his owner, but he had not been to bed the night before and was very sleepy; so he deferred returning the animal till he had had a nap. He asked for a room and was shown to one. There was a bed in it—that is, it was called a bed though it was really a bunk built against the side of the room, which was not plastered and had no ceiling to cover its bare and rough hewn rafters. There was neither carpet nor furniture, except a washstand with a tin basin on it.

A reaction came over Johnny. Somehow there was no dime novel glamour about the place, and he was seized with a sudden fit of homesickness. However, he laid himself down on the odorous cotton "comforts"—the only bed covering—without undressing, resolving that he had already had enough of the wild and woolly west, and instead of sending back the horse he would take it himself and go on home. Having come to this comforting resolution he fell asleep.

He was awakened during the afternoon by several men, who crowded into the room. "Come, we want you."

Half awake, Johnny blinked his eyes at them, not understanding what it all meant. One of the men took hold of his arm and landed him on the floor. Johnny fell, but was lifted roughly on to his feet.

"What do you want with me?" he asked, irritated by his treatment.

"You'll find that out soon enough," said one of the men, and, taking him by the coat collar, pushed him down the steep stairway.

On the ground floor there were Madge and her daughter, looking surprised.

"Laws a mercy!" exclaimed the latter. "Whod 'a' thought he was a hoss thief?"

The remark was the first intimation Johnny had as to the cause of his treatment.

"Shet up, Moll," said the mother.

"Horse thief!" cried Johnny, "who says I'm a horse thief?"

"Oh, bluff won't do you any good young feller," said one of his captors, "with the hoss you stole tied behind the house."

Several horses had been stolen from the town where Johnny had "borrowed" his steed, and when Eben Parker's black gelding was missed from the stable that morning a posse was organized to get after whoever had perpetrated this last crime. Parker led that part of the posse which took the right road to secure Johnny, and was so indignant over the trouble to which he had been put that he was in favor of meting out the customary punishment for such an offense by instant hanging of the thief. Though they discussed the matter before Johnny some time elapsed before he got it through his thick skull that his life was in danger. His captors wrangled over the matter, some of them averring that they had better delay the hanging long enough to give Johnny an opportunity to implicate those who had taken the other horses that had been stolen; but they were overruled and after a lengthy debate they led the culprit out for the purpose of raising him at the end of a rope the other end of which had been thrown over the limb of a tree. Johnny, who, by this time had begun to realize what was taking place, turned white, his knees knocked together, and he had to be dragged along.

"Whar's my hoss gone to?" exclaimed Eben Parker when the party got outside the house.

True enough, the beast had disappeared again. The men were dumfounded. Those who had urged delay for the purpose of eliciting information at once claimed that there was an organized gang to run off horses, and Parker's animal had been taken this second time by a confederate from right under their noses. Fresh tracks made by hoofs were plainly visible, and it was decided that two of the men should follow, while the other two remained with the prisoner.

While they were gone Johnny was locked up in the room he had occupied, one of the men guarding the stairway, the other watching under the only window.

Now, there was one thing that none of the men noticed. Molly Barker had disappeared. Her mother did not call their attention to the fact, and as for the prisoner, he was not in a condition of mind to notice anything except what plainly pertained to his unfortunate position. The men who went after the horse were gone till late in the evening, when they returned with the missing horse, on which rode Moll Barker. There was a fourth person added to the party, who was the sheriff of the county.

Moll, realizing Johnny's danger, had taken the horse to go for the sheriff, that the culprit might receive the protection of the law. Had she not taken the horse her effort would have resulted in failure, and had the men known that she had taken him they would have surmised she had gone for assistance, and they would have hanged Johnny before that assistance could have arrived. As it was, Johnny for the time being was saved.

The tenderfoot, hearing a step on the stairs, his heart stood still. He supposed that the men were coming to take him out for the second time to hang him. The door was thrown open, and the sheriff, who entered, seeing his agonized appearance, reassured him by telling him who he was and promising him that he would be safe in his hands and have an opportunity to prove himself innocent of the crime with which he was charged. He heard Johnny's story and, having become convinced that a mistake had been made, told his prisoner to go to sleep where he was and the matter would be adjusted in time.

Johnny woke up in the morning to one fact of especial importance to him. He was alive, and the reason of his being alive was the action of Moll Barker. The first thing he did was to shudder, the second was to realize that his heart was going out to the shabby girl who had saved him. He had found the woolly west something entirely different from what it had been portrayed in the dime novel. Nevertheless he had found his romance—a romance as different from what he had always expected as was the wild west.

The next day the sheriff persuaded the owner of the stolen horse that Johnny was fresh from the east and unconscious of committing a crime. So the posse went back with the recovered animal, leaving Johnny to follow his own sweet will. In Moll, Johnny failed to see the commonplace girl of yesterday. Her act and its importance to him had invested her with a charm not then apparent.

"Did you go for the sheriff," he asked her, "supposing me to be innocent?"

"No, I thort y' took the hoss."

"Then why were you interested?"

"I don't know."

"Did you suppose you would get the sheriff here in time to prevent my hanging?"

"No, I didn't think I would; I could only try."

"You wouldn't have been in time if the men hadn't missed the horse you had taken. And you wouldn't have been allowed to go if they had seen you start."

"I onhitched the hoss when they was in the house with you, and led him into the bushes; then I mounted him and lit out."

"Well, little girl," said Johnny in conclusion, "if it hadn't been for you I'd be hanging out there to a tree."

Johnny remained some time in the west, and when he went home he took Moll with him. She picked up an education and is now quite a lady.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 20, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
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A Democratic Appeal for Pie.

'Tis sixteen years since last I ate.
Long hungry years to sigh.
So, Mr. President, pray hark
To my appeal for pie.

My appetite is mighty keen.
Please listen to my hints;
I'll like the merriest there is,
A luscious slice of mince.

But if you've given that away
You still will have, I trust,
A Democratic pumpkin slice
Without an upper crust.

But if that also has vamoosed
A final chance I'll grab;
I won't refuse—I've got to live—
I'll take a lemon slab.

McLANDBURGH WILSON, in the N. Y. Sun.

SHOULD ACT AT ONCE.

If the Pennsylvania Legislature responds to the wish of an overwhelming majority of the people in this State it will ratify the amendment to the federal constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by popular vote.

Congress has paved the way by adopting the amendment. To become operative it must be ratified by the Legislatures of 36 States. Thus far 32 States have given their approval. But 4 more are needed to settle the matter. Pennsylvania should make haste and become one of the 36 States to ratify. The House at Harrisburg has already approved the amendment. It remains only for the Senate to accord its sanction to enroll Pennsylvania among the progressive States declaring for the election of Senators by the people.

There will always be discussion and conflict of opinion as to the wisdom of changing the plan now in operation. There is much to be said on both sides of the matter. Nevertheless, it is quite apparent that the great majority of the people of Pennsylvania want a change. They desire that the popular vote method be tried. The will of the majority should prevail and the change should be made.

There is neither weight nor strength to the argument that the people are not to be entrusted with the selection of United States Senators. On the contrary they not only may be entrusted to select good men but also to reject bad men. The very fact that the people have the matter in hand will serve to keep lots of undesirable candidates in the background. The aspirant who is qualified and worthy need have no fear of submitting his case to the people.

WHY NOT?

The Legislature at Harrisburg is greatly agitated over a proposition to amend the constitution to provide that women shall have the right to vote. As might be surmised, the request for the adoption of the measure comes from the so-called suffragettes. It has awakened endless discussion of the merits of equal suffrage.

After all, the request is a reasonable one. The equal suffrage advocates are not asking this Legislature to grant them the right to vote. The Legislature couldn't do this if it wanted to. All it can do is to pave the way for the people to vote on the proposition. And that is all the women are asking. The constitution may be amended only after two Legislatures have approved and the people of the State have voted in favor of a proposed amendment. In the case of equal suffrage the people would have the final say. The women who want equal suffrage profess to be entirely satisfied to take their chances when the issue is submitted to the people by popular vote.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has done lots of things far more objectionable than would be the adoption of the equal suffrage resolution. Few measures have had a harder row to hoe in gaining a fair hearing. If any subject should go directly to the people for decision it is equal suffrage. The Legislature might travel farther and do worse than vote to the women the privilege of testing their case before the bar of public opinion.

remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. Has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

REBUILT CARS ON EASY PAYMENTS

$200 to $900

Guaranteed for One Year

$50 down and balance in monthly payments will buy any car under our future delivery plan. Ask about it.

Touring Cars, Roadsters, Runabouts, Trucks

65 page illustrated catalogue showing these cars, free

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Largest Dealers of High Grade used cars

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Agents wanted everywhere

DISHONEST POLITICS.

If there is one thing this newspaper admires most of all it is the policy of being fair. Personal and politica enemies weaken their case when they resort to tactics which sooner or later are found to be unfair.

For several weeks the political enemies of United States Senator George T. Oliver have been heralding broadcast reports of a strike in "his" nut and bolt mills at Pittsburgh. These reports have been highly colored, picturing among other things hundreds of distressed girls forced out of jobs by starvation wages, etc. The truth of the matter is that Senator Oliver has had no connection whatever with this or any other mill or mills for ten years. He has publicly said so, but despite this his enemies continue to circulate the false statements. It is just as dishonest to knowingly circulate a false statement to do one injury in a matter of politics as in a matter of business. It would seem, however, that things abhorred in business affairs are looked upon in an entirely different light when it comes to politics. And this applies to all parties, one just as much so as another.

Mrs. Susan A. Nolan Dead.

On last Sunday morning at 4 o'clock Mrs. Susan A. Nolan died at the home of her nephew, John Glenn, at Tyrone. Her home had been at Curtin. About six weeks ago she removed to Tyrone to make her home with her nephew, Mr. Glenn. Last Tuesday she contracted a heavy cold which terminated in pneumonia. She continued to grow weaker until she passed away at the above time.

Mrs. Susan A. Nolan who was a daughter of the late Jeremiah and Margaret Glenn, was born March 17, 1830, at Curtin, and always resided there until she moved to Tyrone. She was a most excellent Christian woman and a devoted member of St. John's Catholic church of Bellefonte. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Margaret Dexter, of Washington, D. C. Interment was made at Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Andrew J. Dunkle Dead.

Andrew Jackson Dunkle died on Friday of last week at his late home at Bush Addition, aged 59 years, 3 months and 6 days. His death was due to tuberculosis. Funeral services were held on Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Weaver, pastor of the Evangelical church. Interment was made at Zion. Deceased was born at Hecla on February 17, 1854 and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dunkle. On June 7, 1896 he was married to Miss Mary Lutz and to this union these children were born: Mrs. William King, Valley View; Mrs. Oscar Young, Greensburg; Mrs. Thomas Hanley and Miss Margaret Dunkle, at home. Surviving also are these brothers and one sister, Ira, James, William and Franklin Dunkle and Mrs. Emma Dockerty.

To Open Summer School.

The Summer School at Pine Grove Mills will open on Monday, April 7th, in the High School room, and will continue for seven weeks. Special attention will be given to those who prepare for the county teachers' examination. Instruction will be given to 8th., 7th., 6th. and 5th. grade pupils.

PROF. FRANK I. PAUL, A. B.

Beech Creek Girl Weds.

Miss Sadie J. Sloan, of Beech, and Henry Kettler, of Lockport, were married at Lock Haven on Wednesday, March 12th. After April 1st they will reside at Lockport.

Next to Sunlight

the never flickering, bright lamp flame from the best Triple-Refined Pennsylvania Crude Oil

Family Favorite Oil

Your dealer gets it in barrels direct from our refineries.

FREE—320 page book—all about oil.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gasolines Lubricants

Read "The Republican" one dollar in advance.

Clark Grazier Dead.

Clark Grazier, one of Warriorsmark valley's most prominent citizens, as well as one of Tyrone's most prominent financiers, died suddenly at 10 o'clock on Friday night of last week. Deceased had been suffering for some time from rheumatism but his death is presumed to have been caused by an apoplectic stroke. He was the son of David and Nancy Buck Grazier and was born at the old homestead on April 26, 1849. After serving his apprenticeship on the farm he removed to Tyrone in 1873 and most successfully conducted a clothing store in that place until 1880 and secured a clerkship with the Scottdale Iron company, where he labored until 1900, when he returned to Warriorsmark valley and purchased the farming district at Huntingdon Furnace which covered nine large tracts of cultivated soil and timber land. His enterprises were very successful and of late years he was prominently identified with the Blair County National bank of Tyrone. He was united in marriage on August 26, 1873, to Miss Juliet Guyer of Warriorsmark valley, who survives him with these children George D., of Huntingdon Furnace; Mrs. H. A. Leitzell, of State College; Mable, Albert C., Frank E. and Juliet, at home. He also leaves these brothers and sisters: Darius of Topeka, Kansas; Mrs. Mattie Hyskell, of Scottdale; George E. of Huntingdon Furnace; Mrs. Catherine Walker, of Scottdale; Harry L., of Warriorsmark valley; Mrs. Lovenia Hubbard, of Lock Haven; Jennie G., of State College, and Frank of Bedford City, Va. Deceased was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church and of the Free and Accepted Masons. Funeral services were held at the late home at Huntingdon Furnace at 1.30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon by Rev. W. L. Armstrong and Rev. E. M. Aller, both former pastors of his church at Warriorsmark. Interment was made at Warriorsmark cemetery.

Mrs. Margaret A. Sharer Dead.

Mrs. Margaret Ann Sharer died at her late home at Port Matilda on Monday, March 10th, last, aged 74 years and 22 days. Brief announcement of her passing away was noted in our Port Matilda correspondence last week. Deceased was born at Stormstown February 15, 1839, and was the daughter of Christopher and Nancy Matilda Marks. She was an estimable woman and was held in affectionate regard by a wide circle of friends. Her death was due to apoplexy and kidney trouble. She was twice married, her first husband being A. J. Johnson, to whom she was wedded in 1860, and to which union two children were born, George W. Johnson, of Burnham, and Andrew Jackson Johnson, of Port Matilda. In 1867 she was married to Jeremiah Sharer, and to this union there were born six children, J. M. Sharer and A. L. Sharer, of Altoona; Dora Clewell, of Port Matilda, and Mary L., Christopher and John Orin Sharer, the latter three being deceased. Mrs. Sharer was the sister of George and John C. Marks, of Port Matilda; Orin W. Marks, of Philipsburg, and John E. and James Thomas Marks, the two last named being deceased. Two sisters preceded her to the grave, Martha Jane Gill and Emma Bessie Griffith. Two sisters survive, Hannah Maria Adams, of Philipsburg, and Mary L. Knepp, of Woodland.

Both husbands of the deceased were Civil war veterans. During her entire life time she was an active and earnest member of the United Brethren church. Funeral services were held from the church at Port Matilda on Thursday, March 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M., conducted by Rev. H. A. McKelvey and Rev. Mr. Artz. Interment was made at Port Matilda.

Mrs. Nancy A Bierly Dead.

Mrs. Nancy Ann Bierly, of Loganton, died on Saturday evening, last, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Jacob Shirk, at Tyrone, to which place she had gone two months ago to visit with her sister and also her father, the venerable George W. Gray, now in his ninety-second year. Shortly after arriving there she was taken ill and gradually declined until she passed away at the time noted. Mrs. Bierly was a life-long member of the United Evangelical church and was well known and held in universal regard. Funeral services were held at Tyrone on Monday evening and interment made at Loganton on Tuesday. The deceased was a daughter of George W. and Elizabeth Harpster Gray. The mother preceded Mrs. Bierly to the grave about eighteen years ago. Deceased was born at Spruce Creek about 68 years ago. In 1863 she was united in marriage at Washington Furnace, to Israel Bierly who passed away two years ago last May. Surviving to mourn Mrs. Bierly's death are the following children: Charles and George A., of Jersey Shore; John, of Loganton; Mrs. George Johnson, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Clara Wagner, of Loganton; Mrs. Gertrude Smith, of Loganton; also her father, George W. Gray, of Tyrone, and the following brothers and sisters: James Gray, of Milesburg; Joseph Gray, of Pittsburg; Mrs. B. F. Kyler, of Johnstown, and Mrs. Jacob Smith, Tyrone.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes.

One size smaller by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for swollen tender, aching feet. It makes walking a delight, relieves corns and bunions of all pain, and gives rest and comfort. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mrs. Edward Marshall Dead.

While going with her husband to a sale on Monday morning, last, Mrs. Edward Marshall, of Houseville, was suddenly taken ill and died a few minutes later. Her death was attributed to heart failure. Funeral services will be held today at one o'clock from the late home at Houserville. The maiden name of the deceased was Miss Lizzie Farber. She was twice married, her first husband being the late Charles Musser, brother of Lincoln H. Musser, of Bellefonte. They resided on the Thompson farm near Fillmore. Some years following Mr. Musser's death his widow married Edward Marshall, of Houserville, who survives, as do also these children of the first marriage: Mrs. James Schreck, of Lemont, and Blanche and William, at home.

Surviving also are a brother, William Farber, of Scotia, and these sisters: Mrs. George Williams, of Roaring Springs; Mrs. Calvin Murtorff, of Scotia, and Mrs. Jay Woomer, of Altoona.

Wallace S. Matley Dead.

Wallace S. Matley, died at Philipsburg last Saturday, the result of kidney and liver trouble with which he had been ailing for some time. The deceased, a son of the late Robert and Harriet Matley, was born at Decatur, Clearfield county, May 21, 1855, making his age 57 years, 9 months and 22 days. His mother preceded him to the spirit world only about two months ago.

He was married on May 12th, 1880, to Miss Alice Sanford, of Philipsburg, who survives, together with six sons and daughters, viz: Charles R., of Ford City, Pa.; Ella M., wife of A. H. Hunt, of Kittanning; Paul L., of Osceola; Lucille H., of Kittanning, and Roy F. and Eugene, at home. The following brothers and sisters also survive, viz: Austin and Mrs. Lewis Rehrer, of Osceola, and Ed. P., William and Clara, of Philipsburg.

Franklin Killinger Dead.

Franklin Killinger died on Sunday morning, last, at his late home at Tyrone. Deceased was born at Rock Forge, in 1835, and was aged 78 years and 17 days. He removed to Tyrone about forty-five years ago and had resided here ever since. During the Civil war he enlisted in the 79th Regiment P. V. I. March 7, 1865, and was honorably discharged July 12, 1863.

Surviving to mourn his death are the following children: Mrs. Joseph Garland, and Mrs. Grant Briner, of Tyrone; William, of Minersville, and Joseph, of Jonesville. His wife, Mrs. Susan Kustaborder Killinger, passed away about sixteen years ago. He is also survived by one brother, William, of Lock Haven.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss
Lucas County,

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Notary Public.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, Price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask you druggist for them.

Notice to Contractors.

Sealed proposals will be received by the Board of County Commissioners of Centre County, Pennsylvania, at their office in the Court House at Bellefonte, Pa., for the construction of a re-inforced concrete bridge over Elk Creek, on Peters Street, in the Borough of Millheim, Pa.

Bids will be received until 10 o'clock a. m. Saturday, April 12, 1913, and will be opened in public at 11.30 o'clock a. m. on the same day.

Plans and specifications for said bridge are in the hands of the engineer, J. H. Wetzel, of Bellefonte, Pa., and on file at the Commissioners' office. Proposals will be received on plans and specifications conforming thereto.

A certified check in the sum of $200.00 made payable to the Commissioners of Centre County, must be filed with the Commissioners' Clerk at least two hours before the time fixed for closing of bids, for the faithful performance of contract.

The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the County Commissioners.

WM. H. NOLL, Jr.
DANIEL A. GROVE,
JACOB WOODRING.

Attest:
H. N. Meyer,
Clerk.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 13, 1913. 3-20-3t

Auditors' Notice.

Orphans Court of Centre County. In the matter of the Estate of Samuel Weiser, late of Millheim Borough, Centre Co., Pa.

The undersigned, an auditor, appointed by said Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the Accountant to and amongst those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet all parties interested at his office in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa., at ten o'clock, A. M., on Friday, April 11th, 1913, when and where all parties in interest are required to present and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

J. THOMAS MITCHELL,
Auditor.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of C. D. Miller, late of Ferguson Township, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

M. L. MILLER
CLAUDIUS B. HESS,
Administrators,
Pa. Furnace, Pa.

H. C. Quigley, Att'y
Bellefonte, Pa.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Mrs. John Fields Dead.

A splendid woman was called to her Heavenly reward when Mrs. Mary Etta Fields passed away about 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, last, at her late home at Gatesburg. By those who were privileged to know her intimately she was held in affectionate esteem and her death is deeply mourned. She was an ideal wife and mother and a devoted husband and loving children are grief-stricken over her death. During her entire life Mrs. Gates was an active and consistent member of the church, early identifying herself with the Lutheran faith and remaining steadfast to its teachings until the end. The funeral services were held from the Lutheran church at Gatesburg. Interment was made at Gatesburg. Surviving the deceased are her husband, John Fields, and these children: Frank and Adolphus Fields, of Scotia; Blanchard, of Tyrone; Roland, of Economy; Mrs. J. Wallace Lytle, of Jersey Shore, and Mrs. Maud Douglass, of Tyrone. There are also sixteen grandchildren. These sisters and brothers also survive: Mrs. Dalia Boyer and Mrs. Emma Kinsel, of Bellwood; Mrs. Sadie Smith, of Marengo; James Rider, of Stormstown; George E. Rider, of Gatesburg, and William Rider, Washington, D. C.

Charles S. McCormick Dead.

Charles S. McCormick, one of the best known lawyers in Clinton County, died at his late home in Lock Haven on Sunday evening at 10 o'clock. His illness covered a period of about ten days, and his passing away was rather unexpected. Funeral services were held at Lock Haven yesterday afternoon. Mr. McCormick was aged 78 years. He was for a time District Attorney of Clinton County. He was a candidate for Judge in 1878, at which time the judicial district was composed of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield counties, but was defeated by the late Judge C. A. Mayer. He is survived by two sons, R. B. and A. W. McCormick, both of Lock Haven.

For Sale.

Good house in Howard Boro, well located, nine rooms, brick cased, slate roofed building, oak and cypress finish, Bath, hot and cold water, electric light and hot water heat. One of the finest homes in Howard. Reasonable.

G. L. WILLIAMS.

Spring Term Normal.

A spring term normal school will be conducted at Howard for teachers and those preparing to teach, beginning April 14th, 1913. Inquire of F. Milford Pletcher, Principal, Howard, Pa.

LOCK HAVEN STATE NORMAL

Geo P. Singer, Principal.

The spring term of this important Normal School will begin April 7th, with a larger attendance than usual. On May 12th a special seven week's course will be started for the benefit of teachers preparing for either the provisional, professional, or permanent examinations. A thorough review of the common branches will be given, together with special work in pedagogy. This is an excellent opportunity to prepare for these examinations. Free tuition to teachers. All other expenses including board and room will be $4.00 per week. High School graduates can save time by attending the spring term, and will receive the same rates.

For further information and illustrated catalog, address the Principal.

GARMAN OPERA HOUSE
A GUARANTEED ATTRACTION
MONDAY EVE, APRIL 14

THE GREAT AMERICAN PLAY OF TODAY
THE SENSATIONAL TOPIC OF THE HOUR
THE THIRD DEGREE

is responsible for recent Police convictions invistigations and special legeslation abolishing third degree police methods in almost every large city in the world.

AN INTERNATIONAL SECCESS NOW PLAYING
IT'S 10th MONTH
GARRICK THEATRE
LONDON, ENG.

ONE YEAR IN NEW YORK
THE THIRD DEGREE
BY
CHARLES KLEIN
AUTHOR OF
"THE LION—AND THE MOUSE"
"THE GAMBLERS"
"MAGGIE PEPPER" ETC.

PRICES 25--50--75 & $1.00

Seats on Sale at Parish's

Carriages and Motors 10.45 P. M.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Charles Confer, of Niagara Falls, visited his former home here and attended to important business matters last week.

Miss Gertrude Thomas is home from Albright College for her Easter vacation. She had been somewhat indisposed but the presence of her parents and sister Maude soon brought her back to health.

A. D. Gledhill is nursing a very undesirable pet, a carbuncle on his neck.

Miss Mable Rayhorn, of Juniata, was a week end visitor at the home of Frederick Robb.

A special meeting of the Howard township school board was held last Thursday evening to attend to some important business.

Logan DeArment, of the Johnstown fire department, stopped, with his parents between trains on Friday.

Frank Williams visited his brother Harry, in Altoona three days, going on Friday last.

John Hall, formerly of this place but now of York, visited relatives and friends here several days last week.

Mrs. Joseph Weirick and aunt, of Lock Haven, visited relatives over Sunday.

Hon. John A. Woodward has finished conducting farmers institutes at various places in the district and has returned to his home here.

The Centre Electric Company has all the poles with cross arms in position and are awaiting the arrival of the wire. The work at the power house is progressing rapidly.

Clement Dale, Esq., of Bellefonte, was a business visitor here Thursday and Friday.

A. C. Leathers was a Bellefonte visitor Thursday.

Mrs. C. D. Tanner, of Bellefonte, visited her father here on Tuesday.

Fred Leathers attended the Methodist conference at Altoona Saturday and Sunday.

Archie Condo, who is foreman of one of the branches of the Cantrell Construction Company, of Philadelphia, is enjoying his two weeks vacation with his father.

Rev. Zechman was installed as pastor of the Reformed church last Thursday evening.

William Wagner is improving somewhat under the care Dr. McEntire.

Miss Cora Lucas did shopping in Bellefonte Saturday evening.

Miss Emma Gingan, of Lock Haven is visiting Miss Laura Williams.

Much interest is being taken in the Hustler's Bermuda contest as it draws to a close.

The bridge at the north end of Walnut street has arrived and will soon be put in position by the railroad company.

Burdine Butler, W. H. Thompson and Israel Grenninger were business visitors to the county seat on Tuesday.

Seventy-five men drew their pay in cash from the P. R. R. Co. last Saturday in the remarkably short time of 15 minutes.

J. Will Mayes received a car load of fine cattle on Friday for stocking his farm.

Harry Bechdel called on his nephew Samuel Schenck at Altoona on Saturday.

Lewis Beck, Chester Moore and Clair Lyons were eastern passengers Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Dr. O. W. McEntire has been quite seriously ill the past few days and several physicians have been called into consultation. They however, could offer little encouragement as to the outcome of her illness.

William Wolf, of Bellefonte, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

The warm sunshine and the high winds are bringing the country roads into much better condition than they have been.

Eugene Kline is home from Coalport for an indefinite stay.

The return of Rev. Dunning as pastor of the Methodist church meets the approval of the several congregations. The reverend's first year's work was very satisfactory and his annual report to the conference most encouraging to himself and his congregations. May his labors be greatly blessed during the second year of his pastorate.

Pine Grove Mills.

Work of all kinds is at a standstill. Public sales must be attended.

S. E. Goss, of Reading, is transacting business in this section.

Dr. John Robinson, of Scranton, was here last week looking after some business matters at State College.

Mrs. Margaret Vangerton, of Toronto, Can., is visiting former Centre county friends.

Mrs. Cora Peters, of Pleasant Gap, spent last week among her cousins in the valley.

Mrs. Mary Goheen is housed up with a sore eye.

Mrs. Ada Smith, of Tyrone, who recently underwent a surgical operation at the Roaring Springs hospital, is here at the home of her childhood and is convalescing nicely.

The venerable Andy Glenn and Grandmother Hubler are somewhat improved.

Grandmotner Woomer, one of Boalsburg's oldest ladies, is near the border line.

After a month's visit in old Centre county, W. E. Stover returned to his job at Pitcairn last Friday.

Last Thursday Fred Nihart and family left for their new home in Minnesota.

C. B. Hess, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Neidigh, L. D. Fry and wife and Mrs. I. L. Foster attended the Methodist Episcopal Conference on Saturday and Sunday.

A nice social party in the shape of a farewell greeting was given the Frank Keller family at White Hall last Wednesday evening. Refreshments were served in abundance. The affair was nicely managed by Mrs. N. C. Neidigh.

Mrs. W. C. Collins gave a card party for a number of her lady friends on Monday evening.

Tuesday evening the home of D. B. Baney was the scene of a jolly party of youngsters, in the form of a farewell affair. Delicious refreshments were served in full and plenty and the evening wound up with a social hop.

Last Tuesday evening the home of John Stamm, on the Boal place, was thronged with happy folks who came as a surprise and also to extend goodbyes, at the same time reminding him of his 38th birthday anniversary. He was the recipient of many presents. His good wife managed the affair in clever style. All present had a most enjoyable time.

Wednesday evening Clayton Etters' home at Oak Hall was taken by storm by friends who assembled as a surprise to his good wife, Elizabeth, on her 45th birthday anniversary. The evening was one of the merriest possible and music and good cheer prevailed. She was the recipient of many useful and handsome gifts. Her dutiful sons planned the affair and fooled her to a finish.

An enjoyable social was that at Al. Lee's home on Tuesday evening. They are leaving the old farm. Good refreshments were served and dancing followed. John Jacobs was master of ceremonies.

Walter Rutherford, who has just recovered from a siege of pneumonia in the Johnstown hospital, is recuperating his shattered health and visiting with Centre county relatives.

It was an old-timer flitting on Wednesday when most of Benner township's folks joined in leading James Neese and family to their big plantation down Bald Eagle valley.

Some record sales have been held in the last few days. The John Everhart sale netted $7,750, Keller & Raymond's brought $4,260, and Baney's $3,000.

Special Easter Music.

The following program of Easter music has been arranged for St. John's Episcopal church on Wednesday morning, April 23, at 11 o'clock: Organ "Hallelujah Chorus," Handel; Processional hymn "Hail! Festal Day," Baden Powell; Christ our Passover, Shepherd; Te Deum Laudamus in F, Schnecker; Jubilate Deo, Patten; Anthem "As it began to dawn", Foster; Hymn "The strife is o'er", Palestrina; Offertory "O Death, where is thy sting," Turner; Communion service in E., Learned; Recessional hymn, Smart; Organ "Festal March in C," Calkin.

On Sunday evening, March 30th, beginning at 7.30 o'clock, the choir will render a special service of Easter music.

Port Matilda.

James Weston, of Gallitzen, made a short visit with his aged mother, Mrs. Lucinda Weston, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marshall visited in Tyrone over Sunday.

Mrs. Nell Ben and little son have been suffering with tonsilitis but both are improving rapidly.

Mrs. H. E. Woodring, of Dilltown, has been spending some time with friends in town and vicinity.

G. C. Woodring and wife, of Tyrone, spent Sunday at A. W. Reese's.

The Farmer's Institute held last week was well attended and proved very interesting and profitable.

The Junior Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold a social in Reese Hall, Saturday evening, March 22nd.

Preaching services will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Sunday evening, March 23, by Rev. Mr. Carson.

J. H. Crain and wife made a short trip to Tyrone last week.

Mrs. A. J. Johnson and Mrs. Dora Clewel spent Monday afternoon of this week in Bellefonte.

Miss Belle Spotts has returned from Juniata, where she had been employed for some time past.

Dr. Harshberger was called to Philipsburg last Wednesday to see Mrs. Harshberger, who was taken ill with heart trouble while visiting there.

James Sharer, wife and family; Edward Sharer, wife and family, all of Altoona and A. J. Johnson and son Oscar, of Tyrone attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Margaret Sharer on Thursday.

There has been quite a lot of sickness during the past week. Mrs. Philip Young, Mrs. William Young, Curtin Spotts, Mrs. Chaney and Mrs. Edith Woods are among those afflicted. Miss Leora Harshberger had a bad attack of quinsy but succeeded in getting through without losing much time at school.

Mrs. W. T. Hoover and son, Allen, made a business trip to Tyrone Saturday.

Wednesday evening Mrs. H. C. Conner, of Radnor, brought her mother, Mrs. Rachel Van Ormer, to spend a month with Mrs. O. C. Jones, another daughter of Mrs. Van Ormer. Mrs. Conner left for home Thursday morning, accompanied by Frank Jones, who spent a week in Philadelphia.

Those who attended the Methodist Episcopal Conference in Altoona from this place were Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Price, Mr. and Mrs. William Crain, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Osman, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Johnson, W. E. Williams and wife, Mrs. George Price, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crain, S. S. Miles, wife and daughter, Zenovia, Misses Ethel Crain, Ruth Cowher and Mayme Laird.

Blanchard.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Miller are receiving congratulations on the birth of a chubby daughter on Monday of last week.

A recent wedding was that of Miss Annie Young, of Beech Creek, and John Fry, of Renovo. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Young, and is well and favorably known. Her many friends wish her much happiness.

Washington Camp No. 385, P. O. S. of A., of Beech Creek, will hold their annual supper in Williams Hall, on Saturday evening, the 22nd.

What should prove to be an exceptionally interesting entertainment is being arranged and will be held in the Beech Creek High School building on the evening of Friday, March 28th. The big feature will be an oratorical contest, participated in by representatives of a number of High Schools in this section. A handsome silver loving cup will be awarded the winner, silver and bronze medals also being provided for second and third prizes. Prof. M. L. Smith, principal of the Beech Creek schools, has the arrangements in charge.

Unionville Summer School.

The Unionville Summer School will open April 28 and continue six weeks. Special attention will be given teachers and those preparing for teachers' examination. Instruction will also be given to 8th grade pupils preparing for High School entrance examination. For further particulars inquire of

PROF. J. C. FOX,
Fleming,
Centre County, Pa.

METHODIST APPOINTMENTS

Conference Assigns Ministers to Posts for Coming Year.

With the announcement of appointments of ministers to the several charges in the district the Central Pennsylvania Methodist Episcopal Conference, which was held at Altoona, adjourned on Tuesday. The Conference will next year be held at Harrisburg, an invitation from Grace church, that city, having been accepted. Invitations were received also from St. John's church, Sunbury, and the First church, Shamokin.

One of the acts of the Conference was the adoption of a resolution favoring the reading daily in the public schools of ten verses of scriptures.

Especially pleasing to members of the Bellefonte church was the return of Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum of this place. The appointments announced included the following:

District superintendent, S. B. Evans.
Bellefonte—Ezra H. Yocum.
Clearfield—Trinity, Henry R. Bender. Eleventh street—Richard S. Oiler. West Side—Bert A. Salter. Italian mission—G. C. Brachetti, supply.
Flemington—William Moses.
Half Moon—Marion J. Runyan.
Hastings—William F. D. Noble.
Houtzdale—Jacob H. Diehl.
Howard—James E. Dunning.
Karthus—J. F. Coble.
Mahaffey—Abraham L. Frank.
Milesburg and Unionville—Henry K. Ash.
Mill Hall—John W. Worley.
Morrisdale—William A. Carver.
Munson—Richard H. Colburn.
New Millport—O. H. Poulson.
Osceola Mills—H. H. Critsley.
Penns Valley—J. Mark Lantz.
Philipsburg—George M. Glenn.
Pleasant Gap—David J. Frum, supply.
Port Matilda—William B. Cook.
Salona and Lamar—Willis A. Graham.
Sandy Ridge—Harry T. Strong.
Snow Shoe—R. Frank Ruch.
State College—James McK. Reiley.
Lock Haven—Main street, Kobert J. Allen. Trinity—Alfreud L. Miller. Circuit—Frank C. Buyers.

Williamsport—Fourth Street, Lyons M. Brady; Grace, Charles T. Dunning. High Street—Wiliam R. Picken. Market Street—David Y. Brouse. Mulberry Street—Oliver S. Metzler. Newberry—Jacob E. A. Bucke. Pine Street—Edwin A. Pyles. South—Joseph E. Brenneman. Third Street—Michael S. Derstine. Woolrich and Avis—Rollin S. Taylor.

Delightful Surprise Party.

With baskets filled with good things to eat, friends and neighbors on Tuesday evening of last week gathered at the home of David Custer, in Union township, tendering the latter a very delightful surprise. All present greatly enjoyed the few hours spent at the Custer home. Owing to the inclement weather several persons who had been invited were unable to be preseut. Mr. and Mrs. Custer, who have been farming the township farm for the past four years, intend moving onto the Will Way farm, north of Unionville, which they have purchased. Mr. Custer and his family are very desirable people and their friends in Union township are glad to know that they are to remain in that section. Those who attended the surprise party included Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller. Mr. and Mrs. J. K. McClincey, Mrs. Jesse Hall and daughter Lila, Mr. and Mrs. Howard M. Miles. Mable Lorrah and Madolyn Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Gentzel and Mr. Breon and sister, of Julian.

PUBLIC SALES.

M. L. Miller and Claudius B. Hess, administrators of C. D. Miller, deceased, will offer for sale at his late residence at Rock Springs, two miles east of Pennsylvania Furnace, on Tuesday, March 25, 1913, the following personal property: one horse, one 1-horse wagon, one spring wagon, one top buggy, one cutter sled, two sets buggy harness, two corn shellers, one 60-gal and one 100-gal coal oil tanks, set garden tools, meat stand, one bed room suite, three bedsteads and bedding complete, two bureaus, one Cherry chest 3,8-day clocks, 33 yards linoleum, 29 yards Brussels carpet, 21½ yards Gerthin carpet, 18 yards Ingrain carpet, two good Cherry dining tables, two cupboards one three-cornered, two sinks, one couch, one lounge, sewing machine, one large mirror two cook stoves, one room stove, six rocking chairs, four cane bottom chairs, fourteen dining chairs, one flour chest, one copper kettle, one iron kettle, one ton hay more or less, meat bench and table, washing machine and wringer, set quilting frames, grindstone, cross-cut saw, half-dozen silver knives and forks, half-dozen knives and forks, wheelbarrow, gun, peck measure, etc. Terms made known on day of sale and reasonable credit given. R. G. Goheen, auctioneer.

John M. Robb, of Howard, Pa., will offer for sale at his farm one-half mile northwest of Howard, on Thursday, March 27, 1913, at 9 o'clock, A. M., the following: Six head horses, one brood mare with foal; lot of cows, Holstein bull, seven head young cattle, six heifers, 9-months old Holstein bull, three brood sows, four shoats, one Poland China crossed Berkshire boar, eight pigs; also full line farming implements. Hayes Schenck, auctioneer. G. M. Harter, clerk.

GOLD FISH

This Week (if they are not all disposed of by that time) see them in our window—

A two quart Aquarium and two gold fish with every 50 cent cash purchase of any of the following preparations—One package of "Fish Food", "Armstrong's Croup Ointment", "Cherry Bark Cough Syrup", "Rexall Tooth Paste", "Rexall Liver Pills", "Kidney Pills" or "Blood Pills—

This offer will only last for a short time.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.
The Rexall Store

"The Third Degree."

Charles Klein, the author of "The Lion and the Mouse" is responsible for "The Third Degree," his latest play, which comes to Garman's Opera House on Monday, April 14th under the management of the United Play Company.

This play deals with a number of preeminent conditions that exist in large cities, and it is the purpose of Klein, by means of this play, to arouse a sentiment in opposition, as he did with "The Lion and the Mouse" as regards financial and political conditions. The scenes are laid in New York, the characters are prominent in the predominent social set. For the first time in the history of the stage in "The Third Degree" will be protrayed the methods of the New York police department, which in many instances have rivalled the inquisition for barbarity and cruelty. Mr. Klein haa handled the subject deftly and adroitly in a most convincing manner and as a result this play should invite a large attendance to the performance.

FOR THE FARM

Spraying time is almost here. Are you going to spray. It will give you good returns. We have **Small** and **Barrel Sprayers**, also spray material.

Or you may have in mind a manure spreader. We represent the **New Idea Manure Spreader.** You can try one and know it is the best before you settle for it. We sell the **Wiard Plow,** both walking and reversible sulkey plows.

Spring and Spike-tooth **Harrows** and Evans two-row **Corn Planters,** with double disks, furrow openers and fertilizer attachments complete, also single disk harrows and land rollers, grain drills and metal hog and poultry troughs

A full line of poultry grit, flax seed meal and farm seeds. **Brookville Wagons,** all sizes. **Gasoline Engines.** Nova Scotia land plaster, nitrate of soda, potash and fertilizers carried in stock. In fact—everything for the farm. Just now we have

A FEW BARGAINS

Are you looking for bargains? Come in and look us over. It may be to your interest.

JOHN G. DUBBS,
BELLEFONTE - - - - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column.

FOR RENT—Farm. Inquire of James I. Thompson, Lemont, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

FOR SALE—Full blood Pekin ducks. Inquire of G. M. DUBBS, Bellefonte Pa. 3-19-3t.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on Willow Bank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT—One and one-fourth miles West of Unionville, on along Tyrone Road. Inquire of B. W. Shipley, Fleming, Pa. 1-9-4t.

FOR RENT—One good house. Three offices, steam heated in Exchange Building. Storage rooms.
F. W. CRIDER.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free packages Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good pay. All or spare time. No money needed. Department P. 7, 3422 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio

FOR SALE—Black mare, six years old; weight about 900; drive single or double; good under saddle.
T. F. Lons,
Bellefonte, R. F. D. No. 2.

LOOK!

HERE'S A BARGAIN IN MACHINERY

1 Second-Hand 25-horse power steam engine; mounted on boiler; in first class condition; sell cheap.

1 Second-hand 2-horse power gasoline engine; first class condition.

Garbrick Bros.
Opposite Big Spring
Commercial Phone—Bell Phone, 2075.
Bellefonte, - - - Pa.

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES $17

"THE SAME PRICE THE WORLD OVER"

Even if you don't need a new suit come in and just look. Everything that dame fashion has decreed for Spring '13 is here--waiting for your watchful eye. We particularly recommend Style-Plus clothes.

After you have seen them you will want to know how it is possible to get all wove fabrics, cut in correct style, hand tailored, excellently lined and trimmed, all for the low price of $17. This accomplishment is the triumph of the oldest and largest clothing makers in the world.

They specialize on this special suit. It's worth your while to know Styleplus. Try a suit this spring and be better dressed for less money. No other store in town can show these great values in clothes.

CLASTER'S
Crider's Exchange, BELLEFONTE PA.

DREER'S Seeds Plants Bulbs

The seeds you sow make your garden a success—or a failure.

With Dreer's Dependable Seeds you are assured of success, because they are the result of seventy-five years of experimenting and testing by experts. Only what experience has proved to be the *best* are offered.

Dreer's Diamond Jubilee Garden Book for 1913 contains cultural articles written by experts. It lists every dependable flower and vegetable, has 288 pages with photo-reproductions on every page, four beautiful color plates and six duotone plates.

write for a Copy—free

Henry A. Dreer, 714 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

All Coatesville Licenses Revoked.

Rising up to haunt Coatesville for the lynching of Zach Walker, a negro, several years ago, was a court order last Friday closing every saloon in the town. The order revoking every license for Coatesville was issued by Judge William Butler, at West Chester. His unexpected action created a sensation in Chester County. In addition to the Coatesville saloons licenses were revoked at a half dozen other hotels scattered throughout the county. The saloons opened for business as usual on Friday morning. At 9.05 that same morning all of those referred to had been closed as tight as a drum.

On the eve of the convening of the present Legislature Governor Tener recommended that the charter for Coatesville be revoked because of the lynching. Thus far the Legislature has taken no action, although it is expected that the town will be punished in some manner before the Legislature adjourns. The revoking of the Coatesville licenses is attributed directly to the lynching. The town will be dry for a year, at least.

Owing to the prominence or notoriety which Coatesville achieved by the lynching of the negro, the attack on the town by Governor Tener and now the knocking out of all licenses there, the opinion of Judge Butler, who revoked the licenses, is of more than passing interest. The court's opinion handed down at West Chester was as follows:

Sometime ago rules were granted against sixteen holders of liquor licenses in this County to show cause why their licenses should not be revoked by reason of alleged violations of law. Two of these rules were abandoned, and a third was not pressed because of the recent death of the licensee.

In disposing, after full hearing and consideration, of the thirteen rules that came before us, we have in each case merely declared the conclusion reached. This Opinion is filed in order that the principles upon which the Court proceeded, may appear, so that in the event of appeals being taken, the Courts of review can decide whether error in law has been committed, and if so, grant relief. We esteem this to be especially important, as the disposition of these rules will materially influence the action to be taken on the licensees application for new licenses.

The 7th section of the Act of May 13th 1887, P. L. 108, provides that "Upon cause being shown or proof being made to the said Court that the party holding a license has violated any law of this Commonwealth relating to the sale of liquors, the Court of Quarter Sessions shall, upon notice being given to the person so licensed, revoke the said license." Under the plain language of this Section, and under the authority of Meenans License II Pa. Supr. Ct. 579; and Campbells License 8 Pa. Supr. Ct. 524, a trial by jury and conviction of the liscensee is not a condition precedent to the exercise of this power, but on the contrary the law is mandatory upon the Court, when a petition alleging the jurisdictional facts has been presented, to hear and decide the case and revoke the license, if in the opinion of the court the evidence proves that the licensee has violated the liquor law. If the fair, reasonable conclusion from the evidence is that the law has been violated, the recited section of the Act of 1887, peremptorily requires that the license "shall" be revoked.

While our legislature has provided for the granting of liquor licenses with a view to supplying, accommodating, the known desire of many persons for stimulants, it has sought to prevent, or minimize as far as possible, the evils which are likely to result. The scheme and purpose of our present license laws is to have issued only such licenses as are necessary to supply the existing demand for liquors on the part of those who use them, only such licenses as are, in the language of the Act, "necessary for the accommodation of the public or entertainment of strangers and travelers." These licenses are to be granted only to "fit" persons, persons who are careful and discreet in a high degree, who are competent to be entrusted with a most critical and exacting business, who will be zealous to see that all the restrictions of the law are regarded, and especially to see that those in the prohibited classes receive no liquor. And when a person holding a license, is shown not to be of the type described, is proved to have violated the liquor laws, his license must be revoked, not with the design to punish the licensee, but with the controlling purpose to have the business of selling intoxicants conducted in a manner that will do as little harm as possible. Licensees must be vigilant, must successfully strive, not to furnish liquor to all who seek it, but to avoid furnishing to any who are in the prohibited classes, minors, persons visibly intoxicated, persons of known intemperate habits. In Altenburg vs. Commonwealth, 126 Pa., 502, our Supreme Court says: "If one has already passed the line of sober self control, all men, licensed or unlicensed must take notice of it and regulate their conduct accordingly. They must not furnish by sale, gift or otherwise, the further supply of drink that may turn the excited man into an unreasoning brute. Such restrictive provisions like the laws regulating the sale of poisons and of fire arms, are properly within the range of a wise exercise of the police power and ought to be faithfully enforced." The licenses is, in effect, an agency of the State, clothed with authority to aid in its scheme for supplying liquor to those who want it, and, in the law's view, are fit to have it.

The licensee who is thus entrusted with a position of the utmost responsibility, simply must not make the supplying of the demand for drink, an end superior to the law's command that certain classes shall be given no drink, and it is idle for a licensee to show that he told his employees to sell to none of the prohibited classes, when it appears that once a week, or every two weeks, his employees are called upon to keep a supply of liquor going to a mass of patrons who crowd the bar room. Under such circumstances the employer must be aware that his employees have no adequate opportunity to critically scan the customers; to note the minor, to observe the man who has "passed the line of sober self control," to recognize the man of "known intemperate habits;" and when under such circumstances these people receive drink, the employer is responsible for such sales even though he cautioned his employees, because he could not have intended and expected his words of caution to be effectual. Nor where it is shown that his employees are, with full opportunity to observe and judge the customers, repeatedly selling to those prohibited, is proof of orders not to make illegal sales, likely to relieve the employer of responsibility therefore, because if the employer gave such instructions in good faith, for the purpose of having them obeyed, his employees—who gain nothing and risk much by making illegal sales—would not be likely to thus willfully and frequently make them. And where the evidence shows, as in some of the cases considered, that the employer made it a practice frequently to visit his bar room, so that his employees would reasonably expect him to appear at any minute, proof of repeated violations by such employees is inconsistent with their having been instructed in good faith, to abstain from such violations.

The duty here imposed upon the Court is expremely unpleasant. We are required to dispose of issues of fact depending upon conflicting, and in many instances, totally irreconciliable testimony.

In each instance in which the proof—giving due regard to the number, character and interests of the witnesses pro and con, as well as to the probabilities arising from circumstances present has shown by a reasonable preponderance, the violations of law set out in the petitions, the licenses have been revoked; in those instances in which the proof has not thus preponderated in support of the charges the rules have been dismissed, in the case of each license revoked, the evidence, in our opinion, proved either that the licensee in person, or through his employee under circumstances rendering him responsible, had violated the liquor laws in one or more of the manners charged in the complaining.

Mrs. Mary E. Gill Dead.

Mrs. Mary E. Gill, wife of Jacob Gill, of Juniata, died at her home on Wednesday morning, of last week. Mrs. Gill was stricken with apoplexy as she sat at the supper table on Monday evening and never recovered her faculties. She was a daughter of John P. and Phoebe Hite and was born near Bellefonte, on October 9, 1862. Her aged father still survives but the mother died several years ago. Also surviving are the husband and one sister and three brothers; Mrs. Nannie V. Shaw, of Altoona; D. L. Gill, of Lemont; John I. and J. W. Gill, of Lakemont Terrace. Mrs. Gill was a member of the First United Evangelical church. She was an earnest worker in the missionary and ladies aid societies and other allied organizations of her church. Funeral services were held at home on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, conducted by Bishop Hollenbaugh, of Williamsport. The funeral cortege proceeded to Bellefonte on Saturday morning at which time interment was made here.

Y. M. C. A. for Millheim.

A number of prominent men are endeavoring to establish a Young Men's Christian Association at Millheim. Among the number, says the Millheim "Journal", is George H. Smull, of Smullton, who is a member of the Bellefonte association, and who is interesting himself in the effort of the above and is assured the co-operation of Dr. Weston, secretary of the Bellefonte association, if he finds that such a movement is of sufficient interest to the people of that section to attempt such an organization through their regular lecturers and organizers, as a special effort is being made to reach the urban and rural districts.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak, pale, sickly. Burdock Blood Bitters makes the blood rich, red, pure—restores

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, a single dose of Doan's Regulets is enough. Treatment cures habitual constipation. 25 cents a box. Ask you druggist for them.

An Elopement

It Didn't Come Off as Expected

By F. A. MITCHEL'

I was starting one morning to attend to some affairs connected with my estate when at the door I met a telegraph messenger. He handed me the envelope and the book for signature at the same time, and I signed the one before looking at the other. The boy darted away, and, tearing open the envelope, I read the telegram.

I need you very much. Do come to me.
GWEN.

Not knowing any one by that name I began to do what I should have done in the first place—investigate. The address was "A. J. Courtney." My name is Alonzo Jackson Courtney. So far all right. I live at 107 Renwick street, and that was the address on the envelope, though there was no street or number written on the message. The place from which it had been sent was Tipperton, a city about an hour's ride from the one in which I lived.

My first impulse was to send the message to the telegraph office with the information that the operator had made a mistake in sending it to me. Then I fell to wondering who was Gwen and why she needed some other fellow with my name. Singular that the initials should be exactly the same in both. Was it, after all, a mistake? I thought hard for a few minutes, then remembered a girl by the name of Gwen I had met at a summer resort and with whom I had had a mild flirtation.

"I've a good mind to follow the thing up," I said to myself, and I did.

I took the first train for Tipperton, where, at the office from which the message had been sent, I learned the address of the sender. Going to the house, a very respectable residence on a good street, and being admitted, I sent up my card, telling the maid to take it to Miss Gwendolin. Word came back that Miss Carrington was not able to see me at present, but hoped I would call again. The maid however, handed me a sealed envelope containing an admission ticket to the opera, and on a bit of paper was written:

Box 6. This evening. Don't fail.

This was a trifle more than I had bargained for. I was quite up to facing a young lady in her own house and asking her why she had summoned me, but to accept a ticket to the opera under false pretenses was quite another matter. However, I was in for it, and to repay the obligation I dropped in at a florist's and sent Miss Carrington a box of flowers. This relieved my conscience. Then I returned home and during the afternoon put on evening dress, dined early and went back to Tipperton, arriving at the opera house before the curtain rose.

I took a seat in the parquet where I could look up at box 6 and waited. During the overture a young lady, attended only by a maid, entered the box and, throwing off her wraps, took a seat where she was partly concealed by a curtain. I saw her long enough to assure me that I had never seen her before.

I tried hard during the first act to screw up my courage to visit her in her box, but failed. However, when the curtain fell for the first time I gathered sufficient nerve to face her. I would offer the best excuse I could for my action, giving her to understand that I had simply called on her to notify her that her telegram had reached the wrong person. I knocked at the box door and heard a musical voice bid me enter. The lady kept her seat as I did so, drawing the curtain a little farther forward.

"Mr Courtney, I presume?" she said.

You could have knocked me down with a feather. I certainly had not counted on her not knowing the man to whom she had sent the telegram. I had got ready with my excuses, but they were not available. Instead of putting the lady right at once I stood stock still, not knowing what to say. So when she presumed that I was Mr. Courtney I bowed an assent, and, not caring to have an audience witness what might occur, I took a vacant chair behind the same curtain that screened Miss Carrington. Before I could gather my wits to speak she plunged into the subject that was on her mind.

"Maud has told me all," she said, "and has asked me to help her, saying she had notified you that she had placed the management of the whole affair in my hands. I therefore telegraphed you that I needed to confer with you or words to that effect. I preferred not to do so at the house, fearing some one would overhear or suspect and your and Maud's happiness might be wrecked."

"Pardon me"—

"I beg of you to let me go on. The plan I propose is rather complicated, and I shall have to submit it to you in detail that you may understand it; that there may be no link in the chain left out when it is put in operation."

"Do permit me to say something to you or I shall be placed in the dishonorable position of listening to secrets that I have no right to hear."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"A mistake has been made. I received your telegram, but was not sure it was or was not for me. The only course that seemed to be open to me was to answer your summons in person and"—

"Aren't you Arthur Courtney?"

"No; I am Alonzo Courtney; but if I can be of any assistance to an elopement"—

"My goodness gracious!"

She pulled herself together and seemed to be thinking. Presently she said:

"I wish you were not entirely unknown to me and the parties concerned."

"If I am to help you it may be better that I should be unknown to the others."

"That's a good idea. Our trouble will be that any one of our friends acting in the matter would be suspected at once."

"Suppose you begin by stating the case to me."

She thought for a moment then gave me the required statement.

Her friend Maud Dempster was in love with the young man bearing my name. Her mother had arranged a match for her to suit herself rather than the daughter. Maud had very foolishly threatened to elope, and this had caused her mother to keep her virtually a prisoner. Now that she really intended getting away she regretted having put her mother on her guard.

"Does her mother know that she desires to marry this Mr. Courtney?"

"Certainly."

"Then it will be difficult for him to act directly in the matter. He will need an assistant."

Now, I took no interest whatever in Arthur Courtney or Miss Dempster, but I was delighted with the third party to the affair, who was for the moment my companion.

"Do please lay a plan," she said. "I have no inventive power whatever."

"Let me see. How would it do for me to secure an introduction to Miss Dempster and show her some attention, thus throwing her mother off her guard?"

"Better take care. Maud is very fascinating."

I smiled. This was just like a girl, but there was the least bit of give away to it, which pleased me.

"I assure you," I said, "I am, or have been, fancy free."

"What do you mean by 'have been?'"

"I would rather not explain."

How easy it is to say one thing and look another! She understood perfectly that the change which had come over me dated from the moment I entered her box. Nevertheless she imitated me by saying what she did not mean:

"Pardon me. I do not desire to trespass upon your private affairs."

"What do you think of my plans?"

"The very thing."

There was a flourish of trumpets and a rattle of drums on the part of the orchestra, and we listened to an act of the opera before resuming the matter on which we were supposed to be mutually interested. It was not till the end of the performance that we were enabled to resume the discussion of our conspiracy, and then there was no opportunity, since the opera having been finished the house was closed for every other purpose.

"I may see you home?" I asked.

"My maid is waiting."

"But you will grant me the favor?"

"Oh, certainly!"

Well, I called the next evening, and while we gave some time to laying a plan by which the elopement might be effected we reached no definite conclusion. I went away with a desire to plan my own elopement with Gwen. When I parted with her she said she would see Maud the next day, have a conference with her and notify me of the result. Two days later I received a note asking me to call. I did so and learned that both Maud and the real Courtney were much pleased with the plan of using me to get the young lady out of her mother's clutches, but nothing decisive was reached. One would suppose that this being the case there was no use sending for me. Since there was nothing to do in the matter, we devoted ourselves to our own affairs rather than those of Maud and Arthur.

I made a number of visits for the purpose of laying a plan by which two lovers might be made happy, but somehow or other the plan didn't get perfected, or, rather, we found we couldn't bring the elopers to anything definite. At one time Arthur would be ready and Maud would shrink from action. Then Maud would nerve herself to fight, and Arthur would find that something stood in his way. A month passed during which Gwen and I held more than a dozen consultations upon the matter in question, neither admitting to the other that we were more interested in each other than in Maud and Arthur.

A second month of consultation followed the first, during which there was less said about our friend's affairs and more about our own. Occasionally I would ask Gwen if there was any news concerning the proposed elopement, and she would reply that the parties were waiting for something.

One evening when I called on Gwen I found that she had something on her mind.

"I expect you'll blame me awfully," she said.

"What for?"

"Not telling you something."

"What?"

"Why, Maud and Arthur have eloped."

"Eloped? When?"

"Why, three weeks ago."

"You don't mean it!"

There was a pause during which Gwen looked very guilty. I caught her in my arms and that was the end of the proposed elopement for us.

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Appeal License Decision.

An effort to secure the aid of the supreme court in solving the license tangle in Huntingdon county was made in Philadelphia when a petition was filed asking for a mandamus to compel Judge Woods, the judge of that county, to call another law judge to his assistance. Judge Woods and a law judge who has been sitting with him, disagreed on the question of granting licenses in eight cases.

New Paper for Clearfield.

James H. Mines, Ramey; Robert H. Sommerville, Winburne; A. S. Moulthrop, DuBois; John W. Barrett and E. W. Hess, Clearfield, are applying for a charter for an intended corporation to be known as the Progressive Publishing Company, the object of which is to publish a Progrsesive newspaper in Clearfield.

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A Gift of Flowers

That Were Thrown Out of a Window

By F. A. MITCHEL

Being invited to spend the week end with my friend Mary Morrison at her cottage by the sea, I was about starting from the house when I received a telegram, as follows:

Tiny will meet you at the station. Bring her along.

I had heard Mary speak of Tiny Archibald, who rejoiced in the more euphonious name of Gwendolin, but whose baby nickname had stuck to her through childhood and youth. I had never seen her, but had been told that she was a very attractive girl. But how was I to recognize her? Mary had not told me that she would carry her handkerchief in her left hand or that she would wear a sprig of geranium in her belt. Doubtless she had spoken of Miss Archibald to me so often that she supposed I had met her cousin.

I went to the station expecting to find a young lady on the lookout for some one she didn't know and in order to prepare for a little attention bought some violets, which I carried in my hand. I had no sooner entered the waiting room than I noticed an attractive looking woman walking back and forth, staring at every man she passed. I was sure she was the person I was to meet, so I walked up to her, lifted my hat politely and was about to ask her if she was not Miss Archibald when she gave me a meaning look and said in a quick low voice:

"Not a word till we are on the train."

I confess I was surprised. What could be the necessity for such mystery since I was simply to escort her on a short journey? However, it was she who was making the mystery, not I, and it behooved me to do as she said and find out the cause when she chose to tell me. I relieved her of a satchel she carried and conducted her to a parlor car. When we were seated I politely handed her the violets. The day was hot, and a window was open. What did she do but throw the flowers out on to a side track.

Never in my life have I been more astonished at the reception of a gift. The expression on my face betrayed how deeply I felt the insult, and the lady hastened to explain. But the explanation only added to my amazement.

"We are observed," she said; "the violets will give us away."

"Give us away?"

"Yes; Mary knows that you were to carry violets, and she may have let it out."

"Mary knows! She mentioned nothing by which"—

"Hush! The man opposite is listening."

Of all the receptions I ever had from woman this certainly was the most remarkable. Surely there was something missing that would have made all this clear. I have it. Mary has written me a letter that I have not received. In that letter she developed something in which I am expected to take part. The telegram was supplementary.

"I suppose you know where you are to take me?" said my companion in a low voice.

"I do," I replied, retiring within myself and determined to let the story proceed without giving away the fact that the only instructions I had received were to take her to Mary Morrison's seaside residence.

"Will Arthur meet us at the station or somewhere else?"

This was a point blank question that I proposed to parry. "I have not been instructed as to that. Doubtless we shall be advised when we arrive."

"Surely."

"Pleasant," I remarked to myself, "this ease with which I satisfy the lady. I wonder if I'll get on as well with the rest of the questions she asks me."

"I don't dare continue this any longer," she said suddenly after looking through the car suspiciously. "I will take another seat."

She did as she said she would do. I didn't mind her mysterious actions up to this point, but now to be deprived of the company on which I had counted was positively annoying. I thought I would give up my part in the play, follow her and ask her what the dickens it all meant. I was rising to do so when she saw me and with knit brows and a commanding look ordered me to remain where I was.

The train stopped at a station at which a number of persons got on. I happened to look at Miss Archibald and noticed that she had pulled a thick veil down over her face. I didn't think very much of this, for the car was full of dust. Not having any one to talk to, I lay back and closed my eyes. A boy selling candies went through the train crying his wares. He ceased to shout at the end of the car where Miss Archibald was sitting, and not long afterward I felt a tap on my shoulder. Looking up, there was the candy boy holding out a pasteboard box to me.

"Don't want any," I said testily.

"Lady at other end of the car sent 'em to you, sir."

I took the box, removed the lid, and there on top of some bonbons lay a folded bit of white paper. Opening it, I read:

"The gentleman in the white vest and glasses knows me. Should he get out at our station don't leave the car on any account. Go on to the next."

"This beats me," I remarked to myself, reading the note over a second time to make sure I had read it aright.

I surveyed the gentleman referred to and detected him looking over the top of his newspaper at Miss Archibald, as if trying to make out whether or not he knew her.

"Well," I said to myself, "I'm not having the companionship of a young lady, but I'm having a lot to think about. I wonder what he has to do with it all."

But Miss Archibald kept the veil over her face, and there was no show for the man to claim an acquaintance, which I inferred the play that was going on wouldn't admit. I had a notion to go and sit by him and engage him in conversation, with a view to pumping him, but on second thought desisted.

Presently, the train slowing up at a station, I saw Tiny glance through the window, give her hand a quick little shake at some one outside, then look meaningly at me and gather her belongings as if to leave the train. I followed suit. She came past where I was sitting and whispered: "It's all right. They are on the platform. Come."

Whether to come or escape from I knew not what by remaining on the train I was uncertain. Curiosity prevailed, and I passed out just behind Tiny. On the platform were a young man and a girl. Tiny and the man greeted each other with a loving though somewhat excited look.

"Where's Fred?" he asked.

"Here." She turned toward me.

"That's not Fred."

"Not Fred!"

"No."

There was a tableau not describable in words.

"Why, he carried the violets," stammered Tiny.

It was time for me to say something, and I did.

"There has been a mistake here. I expected to meet a young lady at the station whom I had never seen, and I carried some violets that I proposed to bestow upon her. This young lady, through a mistake, of course, accosted me, and we got on the train together, when she threw my violets out of the window"—

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Tiny.

The young lady and the young man smiled.

"Never mind," said the young man. "All's well that ends well. Permit me to explain, sir. You have unintentionally got mixed in an elopement. A friend of mine was to have met my fiancee at the station and escort her to me here. She has missed him, and since you have performed his part thus far I would be pleased to have you finish it by serving as my best man. This is Miss Darton, who is to be bridesmaid."

I bowed politely to Miss Darton, who, vainly endeavoring to repress her merriment at the absurd outcome of the affair, returned my salute.

"Come on," said the groom. "We have no time to lose. I have a carriage waiting."

He hurried us off to the carriage, he and his fiancee engaged in too serious a business to be affected by the ludicrous feature of the affair. But Miss Darton was convulsed, and I boiled over with suppressed emotion of a similar kind.

"I wonder who got my girl," I remarked.

Miss Darton exploded at this, and it drew something like a smile to the lips of the groom. The bride refused to see anything to laugh at.

"Perhaps Fred got her," remarked Arthur.

"I trust she didn't throw his violets out of the window," I remarked.

At this the bride to be gave a nervous little laugh and said: "I trust you will pardon me. I was very much rattled."

"Naturally. One doesn't elope every day in the year," I replied.

By this time we had driven to the door of a pretty little church, where we all alighted and entered. We passed down the center aisle to the chancel, where the couple were married. The bride and groom went out together, I following with the bridesmaid. Then we re-entered the carriage and were driven back to the station. A train soon took away the bride and groom, leaving Miss Darton on the platform with me; she intending to go in the same direction as I.

"Who is Mary?" I asked.

"I am Mary. I arranged this elopement." Her merriment returned at the mere mention of the affair.

We boarded the next train, and I parted with her at my station, but not before I had received permission to continue the acquaintance begun in such an unusual manner.

When I reached my proper destination I drove up to Mary Morrison's cottage. She looked at me anxiously and asked:

"Where's Tiny?"

"Married," I replied laconically.

"Come, don't talk that way. Tell me why you haven't brought her."

I told the story and when I had finished was informed that Tiny was a poodle. She had been left in the city, and a maid was to have met me with her at the station.

I met Miss Darton later on—of course I didn't leave her without taking her address—and we enjoyed very much talking over the episode that had occasioned our acquaintance. More marriages occur between groomsmen and bridesmaids than those officiating at any other function. Miss Darton and I happened to make one of these cases. But we didn't elope, and there was no poodle to mix up anyone else on our wedding.

Wellington's View of Himself.

"I hope to God," Wellington said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything, but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained." * * * The expression of his face, which was lit up by an intensity of feeling, gave those simple words an eloquence which went straight to the listener's heart. I was that listener.

"It is experience," he said another time, "that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so. * * * Soon after a ball hit him. It must have passed over me or my horse! But the finger of God was upon me."—Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley.

An Official Report on the Cat.

The commander of a commissarial department in one of the large Prussian towns received from the board of control the following official inquiry:

"Why was there a daily expenditure of 5 pfennig (about 3 farthings) for the cat of the military stores depot, while for the cat of the forage depot only 3 pfennigs were required for the purchase of milk?"

Not such an easy question!

The explanation officially furnished by the commander ran as follows:

"The cat of the forage department is nourished on the mice which have fattened on the corn and meal, but the cat of the military stores department has only the mice which get a scanty living by gnawing the leather straps. This is the reason for the extra expense for milk for the latter."

The explanation must have sufficed, for thereafter the milk ration for the depot cat remained undisputed.—London Tit Bits.

Eyes That Become Stars.

The most remarkable belief or superstition concerning the human eye is one that is current in Australia. Among the natives of that country it is the general belief that the left eye of every chief becomes a star the moment the chief in question is done with it. The sun, they say, is the eye of the "greater god" and the moon the eye of the "lesser god." All the stars were once the left optics of human beings of high rank. Shungle, a celebrated chief, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliancy of his own "eye star." But the eye burned through Shungle and killed him, whereupon his own left eye became joined to the one he had eaten, and the two may now be seen as a beautiful double star lying just to the east of the Southern Cross.

American Restaurants.

What disconcerts the European in the great American restaurant is the excessive, the preposterously maddening slowness of the service and the lack of interest in the service. Touching the latter defect the waiter is not impolite; he is not negligent—that he is too often passively hostile or at best neutral. He or his chief has apparently not grasped the fact that buying a meal is not like buying a ton of coal. If the purchaser is to get value for his money he must enjoy his meat, and if he is to enjoy the meal it must not merely be efficiently served, but it must be efficiently served in a sympathetic atmosphere. The supreme business of a good waiter is to create this atmosphere.—Arnold Bennett in Harper's.

An English Bellman.

Some occupations attain importance simply by surviving. The bellman was not held in much esteem when he was really useful, but now in such places as he still pursues his "calling" he is quite a personage. In one fashionable west country health resort the bellman goes around in a smart uniform, mounted on a pony and when he has cried his news, generally offers of reward for lost property, delivers a discourse to his hearers concerning himself as the only mounted bellman in England and then produces picture post cards with his photograph, which seem to have a ready sale.—London Standard.

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Telephone Company Changes.

Mr. J. C. Nowell, General Superintendent of Plant, The Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, has been elected General Manager of the Pacific States Telephone & Telegraph Company, with headquarters at San Francisco, and has left Philadelphia to assume his new duties.

The vacancy caused by Mr. Nowell's resignation has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. T. LaRoche, Plant Superintendent, of Philadelphia, and Mr. F. C. Moody, who since January 1st., has been Plant Superintendent of the Harrisburg Division, with headquarters in Harrisburg, has been appointed to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. LaRoche's promotion.

Mr. H. B. Porter, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Plant Superintendent of the Harrisburg Division, succeeding Mr. Moody. Mr. Porter has already assumed his new duties.

Real Estate Transrers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

Jacob B. Bame, to J. M. Stover, eight lots in Aaronsburg; $507.

Fietta Krumrine, et bar, to B. M. Bierly, three tracts in Miles township; $1125.44.

Susan Harter's, Exrs, to Moses Walters, premises in Marion township; $750.

Joseph J. Rhoads, et al, to A. G. Morris, coal yard in Bellefonte; $8500.

Z. D. Thomas to R. Emma Hess, premises in Aaronsburg; $500.

Cora R. Pierce, et bar, to Cornelius Musser, lot in State College; $500.

David C. Hall, to William C. Eminhizer, 261 acres in Union township; $5000.

Abraham Watson, et ux, to Pearl Shank, premises in Boggs township; $110.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 2:56 and 8:35 P. M

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD On and after Monday, Jan. 29th, 1901 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	† 6.38	.....	† 2.12
	Stevens	† 6.43	.....	† 2.17
	Hunters Park	† 6.46	.....	† 2.21
	Fillmore	† 6.50	† 10.34	† 2.26
	Briarly	† 6.55	.....	† 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	† 7.12	.....	† 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	† 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily, ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	† 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	† 7.49	.....	.....
	Strubles	† 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	† 5.03
	Krumrine	† 8.07	.....	† 5.00
	Waddles		1.10	† 5.25
	Briarly	†	.....	5.37
	Fillmore	†	1.18	† 5.34
	Hunters Park	† 8.31	.....	† 5.40
	Stevens	† 8.35	.....	† 5.40
	Morris	† 8.37	.....	† 5.40
	Coleville	8.40		† 5.50
A.	Bellefonte	8.50		† 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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Here and There.

The Women s Exchange will open Saturday, March 29th.

Mrs. S. Cameron Burnside visited with friends in Howard over Saturday.

The Bellefonte Academy closed on Tuesday for the Easter vacation.

Charles E. Rockey left Tuesday for Niagara Falls, where he expects to be employed.

Several coal cars were wrecked on the Snow Shoe railroad yesterday. Nobody was injured.

George M. Mallory visited relatives and attended the Methodist Conference in Altoona over Sunday.

Mrs. L. B. Garber will have a special Easter dance on Wednesday evening, the 26th, at 8.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Alexander, of Centre Hall, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Allison.

A few of the young men in town gave a St. Patrick's dance in the town hall on Monday evening.

Mrs. William Hepburn, of Jersey Shore, spent Friday of last week here with Miss Myra Humes.

William Sholl, of Scranton, vistied in town this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Sholl.

Donald S. Potter has purchased the McCafferty property, on North Spring Street, occupied by Mrs. Rachel Harris

Mrs. Edward Latham and two daughters, of Harrisburg, are visiting Mrs. Latham's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Haupt.

Frank P. Keller this week moved from Pennsylvania Furnace to the Reynolds farm, No. 12 on the penitentiary site.

Mrs. James B. Lane returned home on Saturday, after a delightful trip to the coast as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Witmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Thompson, of Centre Furnace, have a young son, recently arrived and whose name is William Thompson.

Miss Martha Shoemaker, who is attending Mt. Saint Vincent's School will arrive home today to spend Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker.

About thirty-five persons were taken into the Bellefonte Presbyterian church on Sunday night, last, the result of the evangelistic meetings conducted by Rev. Mr. Wishart, of Pittsburgh.

David Chambers, Larry Redding and M. D. Kelly, of Snow Shoe, were business visitors in town yesterday, Mr. Redding and Mr. Kelly later in the day going to Tyrone to attend a foresters' meeting.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale on Saturday at Hunters's book store, it beginning at 2 p. m. Thev will have for sale home made pies, cakes, rolls and candy, also aprons.

The Thespians, from State College, will appear in the "Yankee Brigands", at Garman's Opera House, Saturday evening, March 29th. Prices 25, 35, 50 75 and $1. A number of Bellefonte ladies will serve as patronesses for the occasion.

Justice of the Peace Henry C. Thompson, of Howard township, was a genial visitor in town on Saturday of last week. Mr. Thompson is one of those clean-cut, gentlemanly young men who have the faculty of making friends and holding them.

W. R. Shope, the local lumberman and builder, recently purchased the timber on a 116-acre tract in Bedford County. He expects to start cutting in the near future. The timber is chiefly oak and is said to be of a very fine quality.

Charley Moran, now reaiding at Lima, Ohio, greeted his many friends in Bellefonte on Thursday of last week. His appearance indicated that he is enjoying health and prosperity. He stopped over here enroute to Boston and New York for the fall samples in shoes.

Those from out of town who attended the funeral on Tuesday of the late Dr. Roland Curtin were Dr. and Mrs. Risley, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Robinson, Miss Mary Curtin, John Robinson, Miss Campbell, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Ada Taylor, all of Philadelphia, and Miss Julia Hale, of Philipsburg.

The Study Class will meet on Monday evening, March 24, at 8 o'clock sharp. The subject will be "The War of 1812;" —"The Causes;" The Chief Events;" and "The Results." The meetings still hold the interest of the people because they are profitable. Mrs. A. H. Sloop will present the subject for discussion. Everybody is invited.

On Palm Sunday afternoon Rev. John Hewitt gave a beautiful and appropriate address to the Sunday school and congregation at the Olive Branch Chapel, at Coleville. Excellent music was rendered by the choir of the Reformed church of Bellefonte. Missioner Crittenden has promised an interesting speaker and special music for Easter Sunday. All are invited to attend the services.

John M. Fisher, of Bellefonte, a past dictator of the Bellefonte Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose, this week received a signal honor in the shape of an appointment as a Deputy Supreme Dictator. The appointment was made by Ralph W. E. Donges, Supreme Dictator, whose headquarters are at Camden, New Jersey.

A troublesome and costly leak in the water main in Lamb Street, below Spring Street, was located this week after workmen had hunted for it for several days. It is not known how long the leak had existed, but apparently it had been there for quite a while The water main lies at a depth of about five feet from the street surface. When the workingmen finally located the pipe the water, flowing from some point farther up the street, poured out in such a volume that it was found necessary to drain it into the main sewer before they could continue at their work. The supposition is that many thousands of gallons of water escaped before the damaged pipe was traced and opened up. In digging up steam pipes in that part of town Colonel Hugh S. Taylor has found evidence for a year or more of a serious break in the borough water mains, but while he often tried to locate it he never could find the point of trouble. It may be that the leak just repaired in Lamb Street is the one which also caused the trouble to the men repairing the steam pipes.

J. Noman Sherer, of Harrisburg, visited in town over Monday.

R. B. Freeman, of Tyrone, transacted business in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. O. Furst is visiting with her brother, William Chamberlin, at Milton.

E. J. Willliams, of Unionville, transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Miss Myra Humes entertained a few ladies at tea on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. J. A. Aiken was an arrival home from Philadelphia on Saturday of last week.

Charles McClure will be home to spend Easter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James I. McClure.

Miss Mollie Valentine returned home on Sunday eveing after a week's shopping in Philadelphia.

Misses Helen Valentine and Katherine Curtin, who had been in Pittsburgh for several weeks, visiting at the J. Mac Curtin home, returned to Bellefonte on Sunday night, last.

In St. John's Catholic church, on Sunday, last, the bans were announced for the wedding of Miss Mary Bertram and Thomas Donovan, which will be solemnized in the near future.

Adam Smith and Miss Mary Leister, of Centre Hall, were quietly united in marriage at the Reformed parsonage at Boalsburg by Rev. S. C. Stover on Saturday evening of last week.

Edmund Blanchard has purchased the J. Thomas Mitchell residence on East Linn Street, to occupy the same April 1st. It is likely that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell will occupy a flat or go to boarding.

At the annual essay contest at the Bellefonte Academy on Tuesday Forrest Decker, of Scranton, won first prize with a paper on "Citizenship." Second prize was awarded to Alvin Andorn, of Bridgeport, Ohio, whose subject was "Toussaint L'Overture."

Olive, the 14-years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Poorman, on Friday of last week underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bellefonte hospital. She is improving nicely and will soon be restored to health, much to the gratification of many friends.

The Cosmopolitan Quartette will be at the Scenic on Tuesday evening, March 25th, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. In musical circles the entertainers are known as the "Big Flour", playing to delighted audiences in all parts of the country. An evening of rare enjoyment is in store for all who attend.

On Saturday morning of last week General James A. Beaver was not so well as usual, suffering a slight attack of weakness which caused the family and friends some concern for a time. Fortunately he quickly rallied and is now much improved, which is welcome news to his host of friends.

Easter services in the Methodist Episcopal church the coming Sabbath as follows: In the morning at 6 o'clock sun rise prayer meeting by Epworth League. Class meeting at 9.30. An appropriate sermon by the pastor Dr. Yocum at 10.30. Sabbath School at 2.30 and special Easter services by the Sabbath school at 6.30, for which a splendid program is being prepared by the teachers and their pupils and consists of recitations, singing, quartetts, duets, solos. Everybody invited. You will be welcome, and know you will enjoy these delightful services of our young people.

Easter services will be held in St. John's Reformed church Easter morning and evening. The Holy Communion will be celebrated at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Special music at all the services. At 11 a. m. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" (E. A. Clare). At 7 p. m. Children's Easter festival with special music and the gathering of the self denial envelopes. Anthem by the choir "Hallelujah the Lord is Risen" (J. R. Hughes.) Duet 'The Easter Alleluia" – Ashford. sung by Miss Bradley and Mrs. Schmidt.

Mrs. R. G. H. Hayes and sons, John and Thomas, also Miss Annie Miller, departed on Tuesday for Altantic City, where they have taken a furnished apartment for the remainder of March and also for the month of April. Dr. Hayes will join them at the seashore in the near future.

At an election for officers for the coming Masconic year held at their meeting last Friday night Constans Commandery No. 33 of Knights Templar elected the following: Dr. Walter J. Kurtz, of Howard, Em. Commander; Dr. William Frear, of State College, Generalissimo, and Wilson Scholl, of Bellefonte as Captain General. George T. Bush was elected Recorder and L. T. Munson Treasurer. Trustees; A. C. Mingle George T. Bush and Robert Cole. The installation will be held at their next regular meeting.

George T. Bush has just received notice that he has been re-elected for the 22nd time as delegate from Pennsylvania to the National Assembly League of American Wheelmen which meets in Boston in September, next. This once strong organization has dwindled in numbers but many keep alive the spirit. The auto has moved them to one side as it has the horse and the sparrow. In its prime, ten to fifteen years ago, it numbered in the hundred thousand and was strictly the prime mover of the present great good roads era.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Calloway, who has been east for nearly two months, is expected home the latter part of this or the fore part of next week.

Ex-Sheriff William E. Hurley on Tuesday fully met the expectations of nine-tenths of his friends when he steered his new Buick automobile into a tree nearby the office of Dr. J. C. Rogers, at High and Spring Streets. Assistant Highway Superintendent Meyer was also in the car at the time. Just what turned up to cause the trouble is one of those mysteries surrounding most automobile accidents. Anyhow, Mr. Hurley did his best to keep his car in the middle of the street only to have the contrary thing insist on making a beeline for the sidewalk. Fortunately for buildings in that part of town a tree happened to be in the pathway of the automobile. It cost the tree several yards of bark and the automobile a shattered wind shield and a damaged lamp. Mr. Hurley and Mr. Meyer turned up without so much as a scratch. Refusing to be discouraged Mr. Hurley declared that his first accident wasn't half so bad as he thought it would be.

A number of members of the Bellefonte Lodge of Odd Fellows are planning to attend the convention of the Central Pennsylvania Odd Fellows association at Jersey Shore on April 25th.

M. M. Zong, of Hecla Park, and Miss Francis A. Yorks, of Oakland, Juniata County, were married by Rev. C. W. Winey, at the parsonage of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, on Wednesday evening, March 12th. The groom is one of Centre County's progressive young men and has a host of admiring friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

At an evening party on Friday, last, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Ray, parents of the bride-to-be, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Harriet Ray and Harold Smith, a graduate of Penn State, now located at Niagara Falls. The wedding will take place in the near future.

The Undine Fire Company held their usual birthday celebration this year on St. Patrick's Day but instead of a banquet held a "smoker with a Dutch lunch in the fine second floor rooms in their well equipped fire house on Bishop Street. After partaking of the viands John McSuley, acting as toastmaster, had respenses to toasts from the following: Patrick Gherity, James Schofield Col. H. S. Taylor, George T. Bush, Burgess Bower and others.

Mercantile Appraiser B. W. Young, of Port Matilda, was making a canvass of business places at State College last Saturday when a telephone message that his wife was very ill was received by County Treasurer John D. Miller. The latter telephoned to a number of stores at State College but Mr. Young could not be located. Mr. Miller happened to run across him later in the afternoon in Bellefonte, explained matters and thereby enabled Mr. Young to arrive home on the last train that day.

DR. CURTIN DEAD.

Remains Brought to Bellefonte for Interment on Tuesday.

Following an illness of several weeks with a complication of diseases, Dr. Roland G. Curtin, a well-known physician and civil war veteran, died last Friday afternoon at his home, at No. 22 South Eighteenth street, Philadelphia. A native of Bellefonte, where he was born 74 years ago, on October 29, 1839, Dr. Curtin when a youth left here and after his graduation from the Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., he entered the employ of the Government at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and during the war was the naval storekeeper.

While employed at the navy yard Dr. Curtin pursued a course in medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1866. Following a period of study abroad, where he went soon after his graduation, Dr. Curtin served with the United States Geological Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and about 1870 he settled permanently in Philadelphia and began his professional career.

During the Centennial Dr. Curtin was assistant medical director, and at the World's Congress in Chicago, in 1893, he was honorary president of the medico-climatological division. He was formerly one of the visiting staff physicians in several Philadelphia hospitals, was a member of almost all the local medical societies and had served as president of the American climatological Association. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania in 1871, and Lafayette College made him a Master of Arts in 1883. The remains were brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday morning and removed to the Union cemetery, where interment was made.

Baseball Schedule Arranged.

The Bellefonte High School baseball club has arranged its schedule of games for the coming season. Joseph Ceader, Jr., has been chosen manager of the team, with Joseph Kniselv as captain. The schedule of games follows:

March 29—Millheim High School, at Bellefonte.

April 19—State College High School, at State College.

April 26—Lock Haven Normal Reserves, at Bellefonte.

May 3—Lock Haven Normal Reseves, at Lock Haven.

May 10—Lock Haven High School, at Bellefonte.

May 17—Lock Haven High School, at Lock Haven.

May 24—State College High School, at Bellefonte.

Easter "Mystery Supper."

The Junior Aid Society of the Pleasant Gap Lutheran church, will hold an Easter "Mystery Supper" at Noll's Hall on Saturday evening, March 23, the proceeds to be applied to the building fund. Apart from ice cream, cake and candies, there will be several new features introduced. The mystery menu consists of twenty-five articles listed at 2¢ a proposition. You can be served with any item on the menu at 2¢. The selections are all useful, ornamental and otherwise The little jingle bell episode will be enjoyed by all. The patronage of a generous public is solicited, and a delightful time is assured for all participants.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

M. M. Zong, Francis A. Yorks,	Hecla Park Oakland
Adam B. Smith, Kathryn M. Leister.	Centre Hall "
John M. Hoy, Anita V. Greninger,	Lemont State College
John Horner, Marion M. Burchfield,	Linden Hall Spring Mills
Nelson Rossman, Josephine Butler,	Nittany Mt. Eagle

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